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άληθεύων εν αγάπη.—Speaking the truth in love.

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DECEMBER, 1891.

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Staccato.

THE LATEST FROM BOBBY.

(An intercepted letter.)

SCHOOLHOUSE, SWISHBOROUGH, Thursday.

DEAREST DARLING MOTHER,-

I was so glad to get the hamper, and it has done me much good, all the fellows were pleased with the cake, and the sardines were first-rate, and the potted stuffs were awfully good. I am sorry you forgot the bottles of acidulated drops, but you can send them in the next hamper as soon as you like. There are only sixty-two days to the holidays—1688 hours

including nights! Isn't that jolly!
And now, my dear Mother, I want to write most seriously to you upon a matter of great importance. You know I have been doing "Music" as an "extra." Well, it does not agree with me. The fact is, it is an hour every week in my playtime, when the Doctor says it is good for my health that I should be enjoying myself. And "Music" is an extra, like "Sausages for breakfast." And, of course, one has to think of all that. How hard dear Papa works to get his living; and, of course, oughtn't to waste anything, ought I? Well, I really think I could give up "Music." After all, it's awful rot, and only fit for a pack of girls! So this is the great favour I'm going to ask you —and mind you say "Yes." May I give up "Music," and take up "Sausages for breakfast" instead?—Always your most loving Son,

BOBBY. -Punch.

Mistress. "What would you do, Bridget, if

you could play the piano like I can?"

Bridget. "Sure, mum, I'd go on learnin' until I could play it dacently."

THE Neue Musik Zeitung gives an anecdote (which we condense a good deal) of a famous tenor, Herr S., who found himself, in a little village inn where he was breakfasting, next door to another "artist" with a magnificent tenor voice. Herr S. was to sing that evening at a concert in the neighbourhood. The unknown artist sang one of the listener's favourite songs - sang it to perfection. A pianoforte accompaniment could also be heard, very gently and unobtrusively played. Herr S. felt his curiosity roused to the last degree. He summoned his host, and begged to know the name of his next-door neighbour. The host did not know; "the gentleman had just arrived that morning." Herr S. asked if he might be allowed to speak to him, and the host retired to make the necessary inquiries. A few minutes later, a little man entered the room, looking quite touched and delighted, and assured Herr S. that he considered this interview a great honour. "May I ask your name?" said S. "My name is Meyer. I am a wine-merchant." S. was charmed to find such a distinguished amateur in this little place, and complimented him on his extraordinarily beautiful voice. His visitor assured him that he had never sang a note in his life, and that he was not musically gifted in any way. "But who, then, was with you in your room?" "No one has entered the room to-day except the waiter and the chambermaid." "Then, was it the waiter who sang, and the chambermaid who accompanied him on the piano?" "There is no piano in my room," said the little man. To make a long story short, Herr Meyer introduced Herr S. to a phonograph, which had reproduced his own voice! The little man had heard that an artist would not be able to recognise his own voice, hearing it from a phonograph, and had with a great deal of trouble procured a reproduction of a song sung by Herr S. He was quite charmed to find that what he had been told was true, and that Herr S. did not know the sound of his own voice when he heard it!

WHEN Sir Augustus Druriolanus read in the Times that Signor Lago had been granted the Queen's permission to prefix "Royal" to his opera entertainment at the Shaftesbury Theatre, it gave him so great a shock that, but for the opportune ("opera-tune," Sir Augustus jocosely put it) arrival of Dr. Robson Roustem Pasha, the shock might have had a serious effect .-

"AH, old fellow," said a gentleman to another on the street, "so you are married at last! Allow me to congratulate you, for I hear you have an excellent and accomplished wife."

"I have indeed," was the reply; "she is accomplished. Why, sir, she is perfectly at home in literature, at home in music, at home in art, at home in science-in short, at home everywhere except"-"Except what?"

"Except at home."

+++

WHAT is the most appropriate song to sing at a "five o'clock"?—Obviously, "Ah che la more tea."

Wiggins (who has nerved himself to ask papa's consent). "Sir, I have just returned from the concert-with Miss De Jones-and finding

De Jones. "That's all right, my boy-broke, eh? Here's a fiver. Her mother used to clean me out the same way!"

+++

Mrs. De Rich (listening to new prima donna at the opera). "Isn't she splendid?"

Mr. De Rich (wealthy manufacturer, enthusiastically). "Grand! She's worthy of a place alongside of Patti in my advertisements."

+++

A MUSIC-DEALER announces in his window a sentimental song, "Thou hast loved me and left me for eighteenpence."

Musical bife in bondon.

NOVELTY was placed at the beginning of the programme of the second Crystal Palace concert, viz., an Overture to Leschivo's "Don Juan d'Austria" (Op. 20), by Hans Sitt, conducted by the composer. So Mr. Manns proposed, but the train disposed of the new work, so far as some of the audience were concerned, by arriving at the palace when it was all over. A Concerto for 'cello was performed last season by Sitt, and proved of great interest, and if the Overture pleased it will no doubt be soon given again. Mrs. Adelina de Lara appeared and gave an excellent rendering of Rubinstein's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor; she also played some Chopin and Liszt solos. Mr. Barton M'Guckin was in good voice, and his "Chant Hindoo" and "Aimé-moi," by H. Bemberg, the much-talked-of composer of "Elaine," pleased greatly. A cleyer Concert - overture entitled Tam o' Shanter," by Learmonth Drysdale, was given on the following Saturday. The composer's name is new to London: he was born in Edinburgh, 1866; and with this overture he lately gained the prize of thirty guineas, offered by the Glasgow Society of Musicians. Mons. Emile Sauret gave a brilliant performance of a new Violin Concerto by Saint-Saëns: the work. like so many by the French master, combines skill and show. The principal theme of the opening movement, although in a minor key, curiously recalls the principal theme of the Allegro in Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio in B flat (Op. 97). The finale is extremely graceful, and has the French lyric colour in the hymn. The programme included Raff's "Lenore" Symphony, one of the finest specimens of programme music; the performance was of great excellence. Mme. Giulia Valda was the vocalist, and sang a scena from Rubinstein's "Nero," and the "Romance" from "Roberto." On the 31st the concert opened with Mendelssohn's "The First Walpurgis Night," and closed with a selection from the same composer's unfinished opera "Loreley," two of his finest works. The Crystal Palace choir sang well, and the vocalists, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Dora Barnard, and Messrs. Iver M'Kay and Ludwig were heard, on the whole, to advantage. A choral setting of Browning's poem, "Women and Roses," by Mr. C. A. Lidgey was performed for the first time, and the composer may be congratulated on having supplied excellent music, to words which did not specially call for aid from the sister art. In addition to the character of the music, the neatness of the form and the effective orchestration deserve mention. But the works named were not the only attractions: there was an important selection from Schubert's lovely incidental music to "Rosamunde," including the romance "Der Vollmond strahlt," sung in an expressive manner by Mrs. Hutchinson, also Wagner's "Waldweben." On November 7th, Berlioz' "Symphonie Fantastique" was the pièce de résistance, and Mr. Manns and his orchestra crowned themselves with glory. This work, in spite of its occasional extravagance, justly ranks among the masterpieces of modern music. Mdlle. Jamotha played Mendelssohn's

recalled. Miss Macintyre was highly successful with the "Senta" ballad, and Goring Thomas's "Summer Night." The programme included a dainty Romance for Strings by Mozart, and Beethoven's "Leonora," No. 1.

Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, and was twice

The Popular Concerts recommenced on Monday, November 2, and of the familiar quartet party only two members, Messrs. Ries and Straus, were present. M. Willy Hess, Sir C. Hallé's able leader, was first violin, while M. Whitehouse took Signor Piatti's place. The performance of Beethoven's Quartet in F (Op. 59, No. 1) was thoroughly sound and artistic. Paderewski was the pianist, and his solo, Chopin's "Funeral March" Sonata, of which he gave a characteristic and impressive rendering. Mr. Norman Salmond, the vocalist, gave great satisfaction; and Mr. Henry Bird, the new accompanist, discharged his duties efficiently. On the following Monday (Nov. 9) M. Ysaye appeared as leader, and in Mendelssohn's Quartet in D (Op. 44, No. 2) played with marked energy. Afterwards, in two movements from Bach's Sonata in D minor, his full rich tone and masterly execution were displayed to the full. M. Schönberger was the pianist; he gave two of Schumann's "Novelleten" with finish and delicacy, but with over-refinement; Schumann's "Toccata" was the encore. The programme concluded with a Pianoforte Quartet in G minor (Op. 45), by M. Gabriel Fauré, a French organist and composer of some note. Of the four movements, the opening Allegro appears the most interesting: the subject-matter has character, and there are some clever developments. But the rest of the music is diffuse or dry. Miss Fillunger sang "Elisabeth's Prayer," from Tannhäuser, and Schubert's "Zuleika," the latter of which she sang extremely well. On Saturday (Nov. 14) Mdlle Mathilde Wurm, Madame Schumann's pupil, played Chopin's Ballade in F minor, with good technique, but not sufficient poetry. Mrs. Helen Trust sang songs by Giordani and Grieg with exquisite grace and finish. M. Ysaye was violinist, and his Bach playing again excited admiration.

Mr. Henschel commenced his series of

Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall, on There was an attractive pro-October 29. gramme, including Brahms's Symphony in C minor, well performed, and Chopin's E minor Concerto, splendidly played by M. Paderewski. A duet from Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew, sung by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, was admirably rendered; for this number M. Paderewski took Mr. Henschel's place as conductor. At the second concert, on November 12, M. Ysaye played the Mendelssohn Concerto and Bruch's brilliant "Scotch" Fantasia with wonderful success. Haydn's Symphony in C (No. 7, B. and H.) was rendered with great spirit. concert commenced with an effective performance of Schumann's noble "Genoveva" Over-

M. Paderewski gave a "farewell" recital on October 27, and a "last farewell" on November 3. Space will quite prevent us doing proper justice to his performances. It must suffice to say that in Beethoven's "Waldstein" and "Appassionata" he was earnest and interesting; that in Chopin, Liszt, Rubinstein, and other pieces he excited boundless enthusiasm. Both recitals were crammed, and at the final one he was compelled to play additional pieces at the close to pacify the audience.

STEINWAY & SONS, Pianoforte Makers, by special appointment to Her Majesty the Queen and Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.—ADV.

The Royal Choral Society gave their first concert of the season at the Albert Hall, on October 28. The singing of the choir in the "Choral Symphony" was extremely fine. The performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was most impressive. Mr. Barnby can boast of having one of the best choirs in England. The hall was very full. Messrs. Harrison's grand concert on November 6 drew an immense audience. Of course the chief attraction was Madame Adelina Patti, who made her final appearance previous to her departure for America. She was in splendid voice, and indulged her audience with the usual liberal number of encores. Many distinguished artists took part in the programme. Mr. Percy Notcutt gave a morning concert at St. James's Hall, on November 26. A quiet, expressive song of his own composition was agreeably sung by Miss Macintyre. Messrs. B. M'Guckin, E. Oudin, and Santley also appeared, and Masters Gerardy and Hambourg. Mr. Stewart Macpherson gave an interesting pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall, on November 3.

The Violin Family.

R. ALFRED STELZNER of Wiesbaden is a bold man: he claims to have discovered a system of constructing bow instruments on scientific principles unknown to the famous violin makers of old. His instruments differ from those in use in the outline, in the shape and object of blocks joining back and belly, in the form of the sides, and in the form of the sound-holes. With these and other modifications, for the purpose of improving the quality of the sound and reinforcing the tone, Dr. Stelzner has constructed violins, violas, and violoncellos. But he has, further, invented a new instrument which he calls a violotta, or big viola: it is an octave lower than the violin, and hence takes a place between the viola and the violoncello. Were this instrument to come into general use the quartet would consist of four distinct instruments, whereas at present there are two of the same compass and timbre—the first and second violins.

On Saturday evening, November 7th, a large gathering of musicians assembled, at the invitation of Mr. Schultz Curtius, to meet Dr. Stelzner and to hear the new instruments. Mr. Schultz Curtius read a paper explaining the principles on which this new stringed family was constructed. Mr. Kreuz, the well-known violist, played two of Schumann's "Märchenbilder' on the violotta, and a quartet on the new instruments was performed under the direction of Mr. Pollitzer. The tone was rich and full, but the rendering of the music was somewhat rough, and it would be impossible to form any definite opinion from so imperfect a performance: the artist, it should be stated, who was to have played the 'cello was unable to be present, and one of the musicians in the room took his place. Dr. Joachim is said to have expressed himself favourably with regard to the violotta, and to have ordered one for his own use.

THE Borough of Hackney Choral Association, which down to last year was directed by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, and has since been conducted by Mr. F. Corder, has ceased to exist.

MISS MACINTYRE has been engaged to sing on December 6 at the celebrated concerts given by M. Colonne in the Chatelet, Paris. We believe this is the first time this honour has been conferred upon an English artist. One Copy per Month, 7,8

[&]quot;The greatest of all Pianofortes-the Steinway Pianofortes-London and New York."-ADV.

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Bandmasters of the British Army. sermany.

IV. Edward Holland, Scots Guards.

R. EDWARD HOLLAND was born at Sialkot, Punjab, British India, on 9th April 1853. His father was band-sergeant of the 24th Regiment, the highest position a military musician could aspire to in those days, the military rank of bandmaster not being accorded until 1st April 1881. He was there during the Indian Mutiny, and on retiring on his pension in 1861 was appointed bandmaster in the Royal Navy, serving with H.M.S. Warrior and H.M.S. Forte.

Mr. E. Holland was educated at the Grammar School, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, and en-listed in the First Battalion Rifle Brigade in 1865, before he had completed his twelfth year. He joined the regiment in Canada, and became a member of its famous "double-handed" band, then under the direction of Mr. William Miller.

Returning to Kneller Hall, he obtained his | diploma, and was appointed bandmaster to the 48th Regiment (1878), then in India. On receiving this promotion, the band of the Rifle Brigade presented him with a gold-mounted baton. Mr. Holland brought his band, which was "double-handed," into prominence when stationed at Preston, Lancashire, in 1884, by giving a series of Saturday evening concerts.

During the Jubilee week (June 1887), his band was selected from the Aldershot division to play at Windsor. It was at this time that the post of bandmaster to the Scots Guards fell vacant, and Mr. Holland was chosen for the post out of nearly 200 candidates. He appeared for the first time on parade, as bandmaster of the Scots Guards, when the present Emperor of Germany inspected the regiment in London, and when

a daughter of Mr. R. Licence, Marine House, Dover. Mrs. Holland has rendered her husband valuable assistance in his professional career, by playing the organ and harmonium in the various churches at Cannonore and Secunderabad (India), and the Curragh Camp, and invariably presided at the pianoforte at the regimental and other concerts connected with the 48th Band.

The band of the Scots Guards is extremely well balanced, and their intonation is perfect. It has been much in demand all over the country during the past two summers, and is becoming famous under its energetic conductor. Those who had the pleasure of hearing its performance of Wagner music at the late Naval Exhibition enjoyed a treat which they will not soon forget.



LANCE-CORPORAL OF THE IST BATTALION RIFLE BRIGADE.



BANDMASTER OF THE SCOTS GUARDS. PRESENT DAY.

Besides the instruction he received from Mr. | Miller, he studied harmony and the violin in Montreal under Mr. Jean Hone, a pupil of De Beriot; pianoforte under Mr. Holms, the garrison organist at Woolwich, and Mr. Binfield, organist of St. James's Church, Dover. He became solo clarionet in the military band, first violin in the string band, and was eventually sent to Kneller Hall to be trained as bandmaster.

During the ten years Mr. Holland was a number of the Rifle Brigade band, he was at the head of everything connected with cricket, swimming, shooting, and dances; and in 1871 obtained the regimental prize as "best shot" at the annual course of musketry.

After being at Kneller Hall for eight months he was sent to take temporary charge of the band of the 99th Regiment, and remained with them eighteen months.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught made his first appearance as colonel-in-chief. The officers and members of the band of the 48th Regiment showed their appreciation of Mr. Holland's services by presenting him with handsome gifts; and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught welcomed him to the Scots Guards, and gave him a copy of his portrait with autograph.

Mr. Holland was nearly ten years bandmaster to the 48th Regiment, and on his appointment to the leadership of the Scots Guards, his old band played himself and his family to the station at Aldershot, where he was exceedingly popular in the whole regiment. Mr. Holland nas thus risen, through his own perseverance, from a bugler boy to conductor of one of the finest bands in the British army.

When appointed to the bandmastership of the 48th Regiment in 1878, Mr. Holland married

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian presented Mr. Holland with a silver-mounted baton for the excellent performance of the Scots Guards Band at their

Silver Wedding, July 8, 1891.

Her Majesty the Queen highly complimented
Mr. Holland at Windsor Castle, during the
recent visit of the Emperor and Empress of Germany.

MR. A. B. BACH ON ART SONGS.-Mr. Bach MR. A. B. BACH ON ART SONGS.—Mr. Bach seems to have studied our columns with profit. At a lecture given on the 10th November in Edinburgh, he is reported to have said that "Schubert was the creator of the art song." "In his twentieth year he had already discovered the concise and genuine form of the art song, in which he interpreted and poetised anew the whole lyric of Goethe. . . In a word, Schubert was at once the creative and the king of the Schubert was at once the creator and the king of the modern art song."—Pace Loewe.

ochool Music in Germany.

By S. M'BURNEY, Mus. Doc.

ERMANY holds the highest position in the musical world of the present day, according to very many authorities; and it is therefore of interest to know something of the state of music in her elementary schools, and to compare the results with those of other countries. With this object I visited several schools in the principal cities of the Fatherland, and I must say that the state of advancement was not such as might have been expected.

In every school singing is taught, and much attention was given to theory, voice-production, and memory. The weak point was sight-singing, which very few of the teachers made any profession of teaching. The children begin at an early age to Jearn folk-songs and chorales by ear, committing the words to memory, so that at the conclusion of the school course they have a large number of sacred and secular songs by heart. About the age of nine or ten the notes are introduced, and exercises given in key C. Some teachers draw the scale upon the blackboard, and point up and down, the pupils singing the notes to the alphabetic names. At a more advanced stage the various scales are written in the same manner, and the notes are sung with the German modifications Key D being read, D, E, FIS, G, A, H,
 CIS, D; Key E flat, ES, F, G, AS, B, C,
 D, ES. This theoretical piece of work seems pretty well understood, and the classes could generally repeat the modified notes of any scale asked for. Other teachers use a sort of figure scale in which the Tonic is always 1, the Supertonic 2, the Mediant 3, etc.; while the letters are placed at the side in a parallel column, something like a Tonic Sol-fa modulator. In Schasshausen, Switzerland, the teacher used a horizontal row of figures, in the same way, and got very good results, the children following an unknown tune with great facility on this modulator and then singing it from their books.

It may, however, be more interesting to take a specimen lesson, such as I heard in an elementary school in Bremen. At the commencement two verses of a chorale were sung in unison, according to German custom. some schools this would have been accompanied on the organ, but as the lesson was held in the ordinary classroom there was no accompaniment. Then began the study of a simple, sacred song in three parts, set to a variation of "Pascal," which is commonly sung to "Sun of my soul." It is to be performed at a festival in a few weeks, on the re-opening of the church with which the school is connected. and so for the first time the boys are divided into three parts. Previously the greater number had been accustomed to sing only in two parts. First, the melody is sung over with the assistance of the violin, which is to be found in every school. Then the second treble is taken, then the alto, and afterwards the two lower parts are taken together, the two higher, and finally all three together. But it must not be imagined that all is as smooth sailing as the writing of these sentences. From time to time the teacher would stop the class on the score of false intonation, a wrong note, incorrect pronunciation, or some other error; at

times, to my ear, almost too minute in a first reading. But the words were sung at once, and the attention was directed to all points at the same time. Frequently the teacher sang alto in his higher register, as a help or pattern to the boys; then the violin would take up one part or another, and a constant fusillade of remarks was kept up until the three-quarters of an hour had passed, when the lesson finished without a satisfactory rendering of the first phrase-eight bars. The teacher showed an immense amount of patient, painstaking work; but the progress was painfully slow, and the inability of the majority to read the notes with any certainty was very evident. Little theory was given on this occasion, as the main object was to get up the pieces for the approaching festival; but in the next lesson, which I heard in a high school, the omission was made up with a vengeance. Out of an hour's lesson, only about ten minutes were devoted to singing, the rest of the time being taken up with questions and answers on theoretical points. The construction of scales, the names of intervals, the relative lengths and names of notes, common chords, etc., came under review, and exhibited a very thorough amount of knowledge. Another interesting feature was the method of remembering and detecting intervals, by recalling the commencement of different tunes. Thus, a third" was suggested by the Chorale.



In Hamburg I heard a very good lesson in a girls' school, and some very tuneful singing in a boys' high school. In Berlin I had the pleasure of hearing a lesson by Herr Musik-Director Krausse. His system of "Wander-Noten" was interesting. He uses a large staff of five lines, on which he points up and down with a wand ending in a crotchet head. The lowest line is always "Ut," or as we would say The space adjoining is "Re," the next line "Mi," and so on. But the pitch is altered at will. When the fixed notes are used, the key of E flat is first learned, as the eye is accustomed to that position; then follow B flat, F, C, etc. Of course these "Wander-Noten" are very like the Tonic Sol-fa way of introducing the staff, but the latter has the additional advantage of accustoming the eye to any position for "Do" from the outset, and thus developing a sense of absolute pitch along with the more important recognition of relative pitch, in connection with the Tonic.

Elsewhere, in Berlin, in Leipsic, Zurich, Basle, etc., there was nothing of special interest to relate, except a lesson by Herr Attenhofer, a Swiss composer of some note, in which he wrote a melody in E minor, which gave some trouble to an advanced class in the girls' high school. After trying it over two or three times, he told the class to imagine the signature changed to E major, when it was done very Herr Attenhofer told me that the minor constituted a serious difficulty to the Swiss, as they had not a single national melody in the minor mode.

In a few cases there was no opportunity to introduce certain sight-tests which I had given in America; but in every case they were declined as too difficult, although I have had them done in Sol-fa schools almost always without error, both before and since.

Most of the teachers in Germany seemed to consider it impossible to get sight-singing in elementary schools, although they hold much higher qualifications than our English elementary teachers, as they have to study violin, organ, and composition during three years; and they said that their aim was not to produce artists but to implant a love of music in their pupils. . If I desired to find sight-singers, I must look for them in the conservatoires.

After careful examination I am therefore compelled to conclude that the English schools on the whole are far ahead of the German in sight-singing, and fully equal to them in quality and expression. The high schools are about equal, sight-singing not being very striking in either; and perhaps the German higher classes may be ahead in theory, although the musical examinations which are now fashionable may even place us on an equality. I heard nothing on the continent to touch the singing at the London school contests, but of course that was the best in England; although I believe schools in Birmingham, Glasgow, Dundee, and elsewhere run them pretty close.

The English nation who led the way in the madrigal age, in the time of Purcell and in later times, is now by no means last in the training of her children, while our executants, vocalists, and composers are taking their place at the other end of the musical ladder.

An Grgan for Reith Ghurch.

FINE organ of superior construction, and comprising all the latest improvements in organ building, is being constructed by Eustace Ingram for Keith Church, N.B. The organ will be placed in a gallery, but played from a console on the floor of the church.

The following is the specification:

GREAT ORGAN	, CC	C to	A.	Sesqui-altra (3 ranks), Various		
Open Diapason,			8 ft.	Cornopean, 8 ft.		
Harmonic Flute,			8 ,,	Oboe, 8 ,,		
Clarabella, .			8 ,,	PEDAL ORGAN, CCC to F.		
Gamba,			8,,			
Dulciana, .			8	Open Diapason, 16 ft.		
Wald Flute, .			4 ,,	Bourdon, 16		
Principal, .			4 ,,	Couplers.		
Fifteenth, .			2 ,,	110		
Cremona, .			8 ,,	Swell to Great.		
SWELL ORGAN	, cc	to	A.	Great to Pedal (right and left).		
Bourdon, .			16 ft.	Swell Super Octave.		
Open Diapason,			8 ,,	Tremulant to Swell		
Stopped Diapasor	1,		8 ,,			
Salcional, .				3 Composition Pedals to Great.		
Voix Celestes.			8 ,,	3 " " Swell.		
Geigen Principal,				Pedal to act on Great to Pedal.		

THE set of instruments for Mr. Ainsworth's band, mentioned in our last issue, was supplied by Messrs. F. Besson & Co., who also supplied their instruments to all the other Working Men's Amateur Bands referred to in the same article. Messrs. Besson's instruments are very popular, and deservedly so.

* * *

THE Cheltenham Musical Festival Society, one of the most energetic of the generally progressive bodies in the West of England, performed Mr. E. Prout's cantata "The Red Cross Knight," on November 3, under the composer's direction; and propose giving Mendelssohn's "Athalie," "Loreley," etc., on February 9; and Gounod's "Redemption," on April 5. Mr. J. A. Matthews remains the conductor of the

Provincial Musical Gelebrities.

II. Edgar Haddock.

R. EDGAR HADDOCK, whose portrait we have much pleasure in giving to our readers with the present issue, is a native of Leeds, and was born in the year 1862. He descends from a family noted for its musical tastes, his father, Mr. George Haddock, an ardent musician, being in his younger days one of the most prominent violinists in the North of England, and he gave his children instruction in music at a very early age. The subject of our notice as a boy evinced great aptness and precocity in the art, and

appeared at the age of six in public as solo violinist, with marked success. He was put to study the legal profession, which was ultimately renounced, and he gave himself up

entirely to music.

The following will show that everything was made subservient to music. He had just become the possessor of a copy of Beethoven's and Mozart's sonatas for pianoforte and violin, and not having sufficient time free from schoo lessons to practise the new treasures, he one day went to the headmaster's room, and asked to be freed from the study of Euclid a study which he greatly disliked. The master was astonished at such a request, and would not listen to it, although his young pupil told him it would be of little service to him in after-life. "Why?" asked the master, "how can you tell that. Have you already decided upon your pro-fession?" "Yes, I shall be a violin player," was the proud reply, "and I want more time to practise." However, the point was not carried, consequently Beethoven and Mozart had to give way to Euclid. About this time he played at a public concert in the Leeds Town Hall, and was very favourably spoken of by the press. These reports the schoolmaster happened to see, and he was highly pleased to see that amongst his pupils was one who, although not in his teens, had so distinguished himself. Calling him up to his desk, he highly congratulated him on his success, and invited him to play at

the school concert which came at the end of the term "I should very much like to play," slyly replied the scholar, "but I cannot promise as I have so much Euclid to do." Needless to say, he succeeded in his object, and was released

from his distasteful task.

In February 1884 he was invited by Dr. Joseph Joachim to London to play for him. This invitation was extended to Berlin, in order that Mr. Haddock might study under the great violinist, but was not, however, accepted. Thus his father was his sole teacher. In the same year he started violin and piano recitals in Leeds, Bradford, and other places, and this led, in the year following, to the "Musical Evenings." The Leeds Times for March 30, 1889, says:—"As the fiftieth 'Musical Evening' has been reached to-night, it may prove of interest to many to give a short retrospect of the 'Evenings' since their commencement. It was stated in the first prospectus that 'it was surprising how

very seldom had been performed the grand works composed by the great masters for the violin and pianoforte, notwithstanding the intense interest that had always been attached to the production of any work for this combination of instruments. The many varied programmes that have been presented during the five series show what an immense number of grand works there is; and, no doubt, there are many more of equal beauty and interest, which will, in turn, receive a hearing at these 'Evenings.' Over one hundred sonatas and duets for the



pianoforte and violin have been performed; a very considerable number having been given in Leeds for the first time. These works include the immortal ten by Beethoven, several by Mozart, Bach, Schumann, Schubert, Gade, Raff, and Rubinstein; while duets by Brahms, Dvorák, Grieg, Mendelssohn, Jensen, Raff, Gade, Zimmermann, Rubinstein, Hattersley, Kiel, Kalliwoda, Hauptmann, Cesar Cui, Dussek, Wagner-Raff, Kullak-Wuerst, Kullak-Eckert, Heller-Ernst, Vieuxtemps-Rubinstein, etc., have been heard for the first time in Leeds. It is also interesting to note the great number of pianists these 'Evenings' have introduced to this town, and who have been associated with Mr. Edgar Haddock in the performance of the above works. Miss Amina Goodwin, Miss Marie Krause, Miss Nina Buziau, Miss Mathilde Wurm, Mdlle. Jeanne Douste, Mr. Max Pauer, Mr. Emil Bach, Miss Agnes Zimmermann (who came to play her own sonata),

and Madame Essipoff. It is well known that Chopin is a favourite composer with pianists generally, and as proof of this over thirty of the fifty programmes contain solos by the gifted Polish pianist. Mr. Edgar Haddock has been the solo violinist throughout, and has played considerably over one hundred solos by Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Handel, Spohr, Rust, David, Joachim, Veracini, Benda, Ernst, Leclair, Corelli, Raff, Bazzini, Wieniawski, Vieuxtemps, Fiorillo, Viotti, Tartini, Rode, Laub, Saint-Saëns, Beriot, Brahims, Hauser.

Molique, Schumann, Sasso, Gade, and Paganini, all of which have been played from memory. Many other works of interest have also been done, notably Beethoven's String Trios, Schumann's Quartet in A minor, Spohr's Quartet in G minor, Mendelssohn's Quintet in B flat, and May-seder's Sextet in E flat, in which Mr. Edgar Haddock was assisted by Messrs. Ernest Vieuxtemps, G. Percy Haddock, Edward de Jong, Jean Goedhart, etc. There is no doubt that the musical students of Leeds, and the music-loving public generally, have benefited to a very great extent by these exceedingly pleasant and instructive 'Evenings,' and it is to be hoped that they will continue each season to grow in popularity."

It is pleasing to know that the hope has been fulfilled, and that the "Evenings" have grown, and are still growing, both in excellence and novelty. Press opinions, generally, are loud in Mr. Haddock's praise, but we have not space to give them. We, however, quote one, which is dated February 26, 1891, and which says of the fifth "Evening" of the last series: "The loyalty of Mr. Edgar Haddock's audience is one of its chief characteristics. It is a loyalty, however, the source of which is readily intelligible. They are always sure of hearing something novel at these 'Evenings,' and of hearing performances of eminent worthiness. Nor is it merely a seeking after some new thing that we are alluding to. But the ordinary

opportunities of hearing chamber music outside a certain limit are so limited in Leeds, that an enterprise which presents every other week programmes containing something both fresh and interesting, either in itself or its parentage, receives, as it deserves to do, quick appreciation from the musical amateurs of Leeds. The Chevalier Emil Bach figured as a composer in an 'Intermezzo' and 'Polish Dance' for the violin, specially written for the occasion, and played by Mr. Haddock with fine artistic appreciation. Nor have we heard Mr. Haddock to better advantage than in the really admirable rendering he gave of the Scherzo by Ferdinand David."

Truly Leeds has every reason to feel proud that Mr. Haddock is a native of its town, and that he is devoting himself so much to the advancement of its musical culture.

In March 1885, Mr. Haddock made his metropolitan debut at the Crystal Palace,

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playing, with August Manns' famous orchestra, Gade's Violin Concerto in D minor. This was the first performance of the work in England, and Herr Niels Gade honoured Mr. Haddock by sending him an autograph score.

On March 3, 1891, at one of the Huddersfield Subscription Concerts, Mr. Haddock was the associate of Herr Joachim in Spohr's grand Duet in A minor (Op. 67, No. 1) for two violins, and proved himself by no means unworthy of his distinguished companionship, which certainly seemed to inspire him, Mr. Haddock never playing more artistically than on this occasion. We think we are correct in stating that this is the first time that Dr. Joachim has played in public a concertante duet with an English violinist; all the greater honour, therefore, to Mr. Haddock.

"Nothing succeeds like success," as Mr. Haddock has proved. He possesses strong determination, and lets nothing stand in his way of "still achieving, still pursuing." We had a proof of this when, in the early part of this year, he left his north country town, and made an advance on London's stronghold. Dangerous as it might appear to be, he boldly passed its city walls, and made a gallant attack on the citadel, where he, in the Steinway Hall, gave a brilliant display of his skill; but only those who heard him can best tell of the victory he achieved. With Cæsar he might have said, "Veni, vidi, vici."

Mr. Haddock, in his leisure hours (if so they may be termed), devotes himself to composing and arranging music for the violin, and is in this direction doing some excellent work. He has already brought out a number of solos and fantasias for the violin with pianoforte accompaniment, which are published by the London Music Publishing Company, Messrs. Schott & Co., and Messrs. Patey & Willis. He is also engaged on a Students' Series of Violin Solos, also with pianoforte accompaniment, being a collection of pieces ranging from easy to very difficult, and divided into five divisions. The first division of twelve solos is now ready, and is published by Mr. Edwin Ashdown. These works should meet with great favour, as they are both carefully and effectively written. They are made the more intelligible and attractive by having the fingering, bowing, and marks of expression given to them. A new Practical School for the Violin, by Mr. Edgar Haddock, is also in course of issue, the first ten numbers of this work also being now ready. In giving long felt want, for it will prove a great boon to students of the violin. Too much cannot be said in its favour, and we cannot do better than give the following extract from the preface:—
"After a considerable experience in violin instruction, I have found that, notwithstanding the many schools published for this instrument, -several of which are most deserving of their very high reputation,- there is still an instruction book required in which the closest attention should be paid to the progressive difficulty of the lessons; a work which is all the more necessary to that numerous class of learners whose time and circumstances do not permit of the regular guidance of a teacher. specially for such persons that I have made the attempt to supply the above-mentioned want, by pointing out to the student the easiest and most concise method. In addition, all necessary fingering and bowing will be most carefully marked, and my utmost endeavours will be used to keep the entire work free from errors, so that a student following implicitly the instructions contained herein may become a sound and finished violinist. Also, in adding a pianoforte accompaniment to the elementary exercises, I have endeavoured to attach a little more interest to that period of violin study which is usually so tedious to a young beginner."

The School is dedicated to Lady Wilma Hallé (Madame Norman Neruda), and has for its frontispiece a portrait of this most talented artist. It is published by Messrs. Reid Brothers.

It may be of interest here to call attention to the famous "Haddock Collection" of musical instruments—one of the largest and most valuable collections in the world. This collection is owned by Mr. Haddock, sen., and contains masterpieces by Stradivarius, Guanerius, Amati, Landolphus, Ruggerius, Guadagnini, and numbers of others—about eighty violins in all, including the celebrated "Emperor" Stradivarius, the most perfect violin in the world. Mr. Edgar Haddock also possesses two fine "Strads.," three "Josephs," and a magnificent collection of Tourte violin bows.

This coming year Mr. Edgar Haddock contemplates a long tour through England, Scotland, and the Continent, to be possibly extended to America and Australia.

A Popular History of Music.*

N a short preface Mr. Weber states that his intention in writing a Popular History of Music was "to trace, in a succinct way, the general practice and development of music among the principal nations before and in the Christian era, for the use of music lovers who have not the time to read more extensive works on the subject." This modest undertaking has been carried out (more or less) in the space of one moderately-sized volume. It will readily be imagined that the style is more succinct than popular, and that, while this new History may be found useful by musical students as a work of reference, it will scarcely have much attraction for the amateur.

The book begins with an account of Hebrew music as recorded in the Old Testament, followed by a brief survey of music in China, Hindostan, Egypt, and Assyria. Additional interest is given to this portion of the book by illustrations of various ancient musical instruments, and also by numerous quotations from the works of early writers who have alluded to the art. It may not be generally known that Confucius brought the old songs of China into new order, and wrote a musical commentary. He also deemed good music to be of the greatest importance in the ruling of a nation.

In the section upon Hindoo music Mr. Weber quotes one or two of the pretty anecdotes related to this day of the wonderful effect produced by the "rags" or melodies composed for different seasons of the year and times of the day. A wonderful musician, named Mia Tensine, sang one of the night rags at mid-day, and the powers of his music were such that it instantly became night, and the darkness extended in a circle as far as the sound of his voice could be heard. The effect of another song was immediate rain; and it is related that once a singing girl, by exerting the powers of her voice in this song drew from the clouds timely and refreshing showers down on the

parched rice crops of Bengal, and thereby averted the horrors of a famine from the country.

The music of the ancient Greeks is divided into three periods,—the first extending from the earliest times to the Doric migration, the second from the Doric migration to the Peloponnesian war, and the third from the Peloponnesian war to the beginning of Christianity. The author is unable, owing to his limited space, to give much more than a passing allusion to the form of the Greek instruments, and the various styles of the national music, together with a brief notice of the references to music in the works of Homer, Æschylus, Plato, and Aristotle. This is, however, the less to be regretted, since Mr. Rowbotham has dealt so fully, and in such a picturesque fashion, with the whole subject of Greek music in his magnificent though, unfortunately, incomplete History of Music.

In something less than six pages Mr. Weber treats of Roman music from the earliest times down to the Christian era. The second half of the book, consisting of 150 pages, is devoted to a consideration of the history of the art from the time of S. Ambrose down to that of Wagner, including a survey of the rise of the various European schools, and biographies of the most celebrated composers and musicians. Of course, even the very important discoveries and improvements made by Hucbald, Guido D'Arezzo, and Franco of Cologne in the branches of harmony, notation, and measure, receive only the most cursory attention. The miniature biographies of composers are amusing from the fact that each great musician is described in a manner that would be more suitable to the good-boy hero of a Sunday book. For example, poor Handel, we are told, was a strictly moral and pious Protestant, besides being of a "free, truthful, generous, and noble character." Not a word about the enraged musician using his wig as a weapon of offence. Haydn was single-minded, cheerful, an admirer of nature, and-always ready to assist others. Mozart was pious, sincere, and kind to every one; while Mendelssohn was highly esteemed by the Royal

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Wagner alone has less of the author's sympathy. It is, however, rather late in the day to remark, "How the singers can learn their long and unmelodious parts by heart, and perform them to such complicated harmony in the orchestra, would seem next to impossible." The author's surprise at this now common feat has even affected his English. Again, the statement apropos of Wagner that "if the great composer had held more to lyric melody and related harmony, framed in the established rational forms, his works might have become more beneficent to mankind," savours too much of the didactic to be quite in keeping with the general character of the book.

An absurd rumour has been spread by a Berlin journal, that the Bavarian Government is about to intervene to prevent Madame Cosina Wagner from further directing the Bayreuth opera house. It seems that theatre managers in Germany are under some sort of government discipline, and have to give certificates of capacity, and likewise bonds for the performance of their duties. Thanks to the friendship felt for Wagner by the late King of Bavaria, Bayreuth is under a totally different regime. In point of fact there is not the slightest truth in the report, and it is suggested that the rumour has only been started by some other managers who are jealous of the privileges which Bayreuth enjoys. Indeed, the nick-name of "amateur manageress," given to Madame Wagner by the malcontents, is sufficient to show that there is considerable animus in the matter.

^{*} A Popular History of Music from the Earliest Times. By F. Weber. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co.

Mozart.

OT a friend stood by when the body of Mozart was lowered into the grave in the churchyard of St. Mark's, Vienna, on the 6th of December 1791. The corpse was consigned to a common vault, and no stone marked the last resting-place of the composer. The world did not realise at the time what it had lost in him. By some of his contemporaries, however, the greatness of his genius was recognised and frankly acknowledged. Hasse, the once popular composer, when he heard one of Mozart's youthful compositions, exclaimed, "This boy will cause us all to be forgotten!" and another contemporary, supposed to have been Salieri, when he heard of Mozart's death, is reported to have said to an acquaintance, "It is a pity to love so great a genius, but a good thing for us that he is dead; for if he had lived much longer, we should not have

earned a crust of bread by our compositions.' These testimonials carry all the more weight in that they were prompted by feelings of selfishness and envy. But there was nobler recognition from two men immeasurably superior. Mozart's father paid a visit to his son and daughterin-law at Vienna in 1785. One afternoon some of Mozart's quartets were performed by himself and friends. Haydn was sent, and addressed L. Mozart thus: "I consider your son to be the greatest composer I have ever heard." And when the news of Mozart's early death reached London. Haydn shed bitter tears, more eloquent than words. Thus

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quently expressed his admiration for Mozert's genius. Such praise, however, was confined to the few, who, possessed of genius themselves, could appreciate the same in others; but Mozart was not properly valued by the public of his day, and the criticism of the Emperor Joseph Il. on one of his operas represents, probably, the general opinion. The criticism was as follows: "Too fine for our ears, and an im-

mense number of notes, my dear Mozart." Now a hundred years have passed away since Mozart's death, and he is universally recognised as a genius of the highest order, and the anniversary of his death is to be observed with special solemnity in most, if not all of the capitals of Europe. Horace, in the first epistle of his second book, says: "If length of time makes poems better, as it does wine, I would fain know how many years will stamp a value upon writings. A writer, who died a hundred years ago, is he to be reckoned among the perfect and ancient, or among the mean and modern authors?" The popularity of "Don Giovanni," the exalted position assigned to the "Requiem," the frequency with which Mozart's chamber and orchestral compositions already been established, and advantage is only taken of a particular date to emphasise the high esteem in which the composer is held. The composer's reputation has, in fact, been increasing ever since his death. Mozart's music needs no bush, but these centenary performances serve a good and useful purpos

A brief survey of the composer's life will not be out of place here. He was born at Salzburg on January 27, 1756, and his musical gifts were displayed at a remarkably early period. With his sister Marianne, who was his senior by five years, he was trained by his father, Leopold Mozart, an accomplished musician, and they became in a very short time such clever performers on the pianoforte, that Leopold determined to travel with them. After appearing in various cities and towns of Germany, they went to Paris, and from there to London, everywhere exciting the greatest astonishment. The paper written by the Hon. Daines Barrington for the Royal Society, in which he relates wonderful things respecting the youthful prodigy, is of great interest: it is the sober record of an



THE HOUSE IN WHICH MOZART WAS BORN.

From a painting by Tischbein.

told about precocious genius are, if not invented, considerably touched up.

From London a visit was paid to Holland, and then, by a more or less direct route, the travellers reached home, and the little Mozart once more "rode round the room on his father's stick, and sprang up to play with his favourite cat, in the middle of his improvisations on the clavier." Thus his biographer; and it must be remembered that although Mozart was already a public character, and had already composed chamber and orchestral music, he was only twelve years of age. Life at home not of long duration: they arrived at Salzburg at the beginning of 1768, and in Holy Week of that year young Mozart and his father were at Rome. It was at this time that he wrote down, at one hearing, Allegri's celebrated "Miserere," and that, after examination, he was named "maestro" by the Accademia Filar-monica at Bologna. In 1772 a second visit was paid to Italy. In 1776 Mozart was twentyone years of age: he had composed much, and, like most great men, was conscious of his gifts. He was thoroughly dissatisfied with his position of "conzertmeister" to the Archbishop of Salzare performed, show that Mozart's fame has burg, who treated him as one of his menials.

He therefore left his service, and started from home once more in 1777 to seek his fortune. This time he was accompanied by his mother. After a long stay in Mannheim, where he was attracted by the young and gifted Aloysia Weber, and, but for the serious advice of his father, would have abandoned his intended journey to Paris, and travelled with the Weber family to Italy as a sort of musical knight-errant. His visit to Paris was not attended with success. He had good letters of introduction, was offered the post of organist at Versailles, was commissioned to write a work for the Grand Opéra, and wrote a symphony for the Concert Spirituels. The symphony pleased, but the opera scheme came to nothing, and Mozart soon found that Paris was not the place for him. And while he was growing thoroughly dissatisfied with his visit, his poor mother sickened and died. Mozart was attached to his parents, and this sad loss grieved him; but so far as his musical prospects were concerned, there is no reason to believe that his mother was of much help to him: she was a simple woman, and must have

understood the art of getting on in Paris as little as her son. Mozart returned home in 1778, and Salzburg life was duller and more distasteful than ever to him. But hope came, for he was commissioned to write an opera for Munich, and "Idomeneo" was produced there in 1781, and received with enthusiasm. On this work the composer set great value, and in after years he intended entirely to remodel it; the rich and brilliant orchestration is one of its most notable features. In the following year he wrote his "Entführung aus dem Serail," which was produced at Vienna, and with very great success. It was about this time that the famous contest of

Haydn; but a still greater, Beethoven, fre- intellectual man, whereas many of the tales skill took place between Mozart and the pianist Clementi, at the Court. According to the composer Dittersdorf, the following conversation took place with the Emperor :-

Emperor: Have you heard Mozart?-Myself: Three times already. Emperor: How do you like him?—Myself: As every connoisseur must like him. Emperor: Have you heard Clementi also?—Myself: I have heard him also. Emperor: Some people prefer him to Mozart, which makes Greybig wild. What is your opinion? speak out .- Myself: In Clementi's playing there is merely art, but in Mozart's, both art and taste. Emperor: That is just what I said myself.

In 1782 Mozart married, not Aloysia, who had so engaged his attention at Mannheim, and who had since married the actor Lange, but a younger sister, Constance. The remainder of his artistic life is soon told. "Figaro" was given at Vienna in 1786, "Don Giovanni" at Prague in 1787. Success was coming to him, but not money, as can be seen in the letters addressed by Mozart to his friend, the wealthy merchant, Michael Puchberg, and in those to his father. The following is related by the composer's biographer, Otto Jahn :-

"In the winter of 1790 Joseph Deiner, the

landlord of the 'Silver Serpent,' who was of use to Mozart in many of his household affairs, called upon him one day and found him in his work-room dancing about with his wife. On Deiner's asking him if he was giving his wife dancing lessons, Mozart answered, laughing, 'We are warming ourselves, because we are very cold, and have no money to buy fuel.'"

This little insight into the composer's homelife may possibly provoke a smile, or may be thought an exaggeration. But there is too much ground for supposing it to be true. In 1789 Mozart went to Dresden, to Leipzig, and to Berlin. In Leipzig he played on the organ of St. Thomas' Church, and heard the choir sing Bach's 8-part motet, "Sing to the Lord." At Potsdam he played before the King of Prussia, who offered him the post of capellmeister. But Mozart returned to Vienna, wrote the "Magic Flute," and was engaged on his famous "Requiem" when death overtook him on December 5, 1791.

Hitherto only the composer's operas have been mentioned, because they form, as it were, landmarks in the history of his life. If Mozart had written nothing besides "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," he would still have achieved immortality." By the wonderful music, and, in spite of concessions to custom and popular taste, wonderful dramatic power in his operas, he threw into the shade not only all his contemporaries (as Hasse had foretold), but, with one exception, all his predecessors. exception is Gluck, and though some of his operas still keep the boards, they are not fre-"Don Giovanni," which so quently given. delighted Prague in 1787, has lost none of its power, freshness, and charm, and, if only it be given with a strong cast, holds its own in spite of the many other attractions which the stage offers at the present day. But if these operas would have secured for him an exalted position in the temple of fame, the masterpieces which he produced in every branch of musical literature add immensely to the admiration in which he is held. In the symphony he surpassed Haydn, and in his last three (E flat, G minor, and C) he stands side by side with Beethoven. His quartets and quintets for strings are full of heavenly melody and of workmanship of the highest order, and the great reason of the power which they exert is due to the double appeal which they make-to the heart and to the intellect. The marvellous developments in pianoforte playing which have taken place since his day have made his pianoforte music seem somewhat old, not to say old - fashioned. Beethoven, Schumann, and Chopin made the pianoforte speak with a fulness, power, and charm almost fatal to the clavier music of the eighteenth century. But Mozart's Fantasia and Sonata in C minor, his Rondo in A minor, and the sparkling little Gigue in G still form part of the répertoire of great pianists, and, of their kind, are unsurpassable. For a similar reason the pianoforte concertos have fallen into neglect. Of his masses, the "Requiem" holds the highest place.

The number of Mozart's compositions, considering the shortness of his life, is truly marvellous. Not to mention many of the smaller works, he wrote no less than forty-one symphonies, twenty-six quartets, and seven quintets for strings, twenty-six concertos and seventeen sonatas for pianoforte, forty-two sonatas for pianoforte and violin, and fifteen masses. Of the rapidity with which he wrote an idea may be gained from the fact that he composed the last three and above-mentioned symphonies in six weeks, the "Figaro" overture in a single night,

while "Clemenza di Tito" was composed within a few weeks.

To speculate as to what Mozart would have accomplished had his life been happier and longer, is hopeless, and, were it possible, of little practical use. And yet, in thinking of Mozart and of another genius, Schubert, one is apt to fall into that line of thought. It is, however, more satisfactory to be thankful for the marvellous works which they bequeathed to posterity, and to reflect that ease and comfort might have produced inferior music. Sad though it be, it seems nevertheless true that trouble and poverty stimulate genius, and that failure often leads to renewed and higher effort.

Opera.

URING the past month Sir Augustus Harris introduced two new operas. The first was Gounod's "Philemon et Baucis," produced at Covent Garden on Saturday, October 24. It was first heard at Paris in 1860, and, seeing that Gounod's music is so popular in this country, it is certainly strange that it should not have crossed the Channel until now. The opera is most attractive. There are no grand stage effects, the chorus is only heard once, and that behind the scenes, and the story deals with no tragic event. It is the simple story of Philemon and Baucis, husband and wife, who have grown old, but whose love for each other has increased rather than diminished. Jupiter, with limping Vulcan, both incog., pay a visit to their humble dwelling, and the king of gods is so pleased with the sweet simplicity of their lives, and so amazed at their virtue and contentment with their lot, that he promises to give them back their youth. In the second act, then, Philemon and Baucis find themselves as they were in the olden days. Jupiter and Vulcan again pay them a visit, and this time make themselves known. The beauty of Baucis attracts Jupiter, the jealousy of Philemon is aroused, and the faithful wife prays that she may have her grey hairs and wrinkled face restored to her. Jupiter will not grant this, but decides no longer to disturb the happy pair, and, taking Vulcan, leaves them to enjoy their peace and happiness. As in Beethoven's "Fidelio," the story of conjugal love is the theme, and forms a striking contrast to the subject-matter of most operas. The music, with its delightfully delicate strains and charming orchestration, falls pleasantly on the ear. Of the two acts, the first is the more original: in the second there is more seeking after effect, but Philemon and Baucis, rejoicing in their youth, ought, perhaps, to be pardoned for being somewhat more showy. The performance of the opera by artists of the Opera Comique, Paris, was exceedingly good. Mdlle. Simonnet as Baucis was most fascinating, and both in her acting and singing achieved a brilliant success. She was ably supported by MM. Engel (Philemon), Bouvet (Jupiter), and Lorrain (Vulcan). M. Léon Jehin, the French conductor, displayed great care and ability. In this opera, one song, bruit des lourds marteaux," sung by Vulcan, is a great favourite in the concert-room in this country, and has often been sung by Mr. Santley and other distinguished artists.

pianoforte and violin, and fifteen masses. Of the rapidity with which he wrote an idea may be gained from the fact that he composed the last three and above-mentioned symphonies in six weeks, the "Figaro" overture in a single night,

adopted daughter of the embroiderers Hubertine and Hubert, who reads the history of the saints, and who hears celestial voices, is a fit subject for musical treatment. In the first act, she is working at a piece of embroidery for the bishop, who comes to see it, and afterwards there is the meeting of Angélique and Félicien, who declare their love for each other. In the second act, there is the procession of the Fête-Dieu, and in the son of the bishop, Angélique recognises her lover, who had presented himself to her as a workman. Her adopted parents and the bishop try to turn her mind from thinking of Félicien; the bishop, who in early days had loved and lost, wishes his son to become a priest. Félicien, however, loves too deeply, and in the third act tries to persuade Angélique to go away with him. But she falls ill, and then Félicien implores his father to work a miracle and cure her. Angélique recovers; the bishop at last yields, and the marriage ceremony takes place, but at the door of the cathedral the maiden falls and dies. So ends her dream. This is only a brief and dry résumé of the book, which is well put together, and contains some strong situations. The music has excited a good deal of controversy, for it is based upon the Wagner system of representative themes. Of course, in the opinion of some, the work is, for this very reason, condemned. There are others, however, who do not object to the system, and amongst such, the degree of success attained by the French composer in working on lines beset with many difficulties is alone matter for discussion. It is not easy to form an opinion respecting the opera, for, apart from the Wagner tendencies, there are many extravagances in the harmonies and part-writing. There are, however, moments in which the composer displays dramatic instinct of a powerful kind-passages in which the music makes a strong appeal to the feelings, so that one is tempted to suspend judgment until the work has become more familiar. The performance (October 29) was an extremely fine one. Mdlle Simonnet, Madame Deschamps (wife of the talented conductor), and MM. Bouvet, Engel, and Lorrain all distinguished themselves.

A new opera was brought out on November 3, at Mr. D'Oyly Carte's handsome theatre, viz. "La Basoche," music by André Messager, libretto by Albert Carré, cleverly translated by Sir Augustus Harris and M. Eugène Oudin. "La Basoche" in the fourteenth century was a corporation of law students, and their chief assumed the title of king. In the opera, this king, contrary to rules and regulations, is married, and his wife, who knows not of his dignity, comes to Paris, and finds him at the inn of the "Pewter Platter." Marie d'Angleterre, supposed to be in the suburbs, previo to her entry into the city as wife of Louis XII., comes in disguise with the Duc de Longueville to this very inn. She mistakes the "Basoche" king for Louis, and Colette, his true wife, is mistaken for the princess. So both in the inn, and afterwards at the court, there is plenty of confusion and mirth. The fun is admirably kept up until the close. M. Messager's music is light, bright, and admirably scored. The mounting of the piece was most effective. The principal parts were taken by Miss Lucile Hill (Colette), Miss Esther Palliser (Marie d'Angleterre), Mr. Ben Davies (the "Basoche" king), and Mr. David Bispham (Duc de Longueville), and all deserve great praise Chorus and orchestra, under the direction of Mr. F. Cellier, were excellent. The piece was received with enthusiasm, and all concerned in the production of the work were called before the curtain at the close.

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Musical Jales.

BY K. STANWAY.

RESULT OF PRIZE COMPETITION ON MUSICAL TALE.

No. VII. THE HOUSES THAT TIME BUILT. PART II.—OCTOBER.

First Prize, 5s., for candidates under 21 years of age:-

Arthur Harvey, age 19, 35 Cartwright Street, Hooley Hill, Manchester.

Honourable mention:—Georgina Maddick, age 20; Ethel Grace Diemer, age 20; Daisy Gannock, age 16; Elizabeth Knight, age 19.

· Second Class.

First Prize, 3s. 6d., for candidates under 16 years of age:

Lucy Arthur Smith, age 15, 78 Hagley Road, Edgbaston.

Second Prize, 2s., for candidates under 16 years of age:

Janet M. Salsbury, age 10, Pershore.

Honourable mention:—May Wolfe, age 11; Mabel House, age 13; Grace E. Salsbury, age 12; Herbert Mead, age 13; Margaret A. Kendall, age 15; Lillie Edwards, age 15.—

[These Tales will be resumed in February 1892.—ED.]

@γ/elsh Mems. αηδ Musings.

MUSICAL AND EISTEDDFOD.

By "IDRIS MAENGWYN."

AUTUMN CONCERTS.

HE Autumn Concerts at Llandudno have turned out a success. They have had such artists as Miss Clara Leighton (Mrs. Wm. Davies), who gave thorough satisfaction and left pleasant memories behind her; Miss Maggie Davies, R.A.M., who brought her engagement to a close by singing Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and Haydn Parry's "Love's Labour Lost." Her receptions were on each occasion enthusiastic, and her artistic renderings warranted them. Mr. J. H. Dew performed some peuillion singing in the orthodox fashion to the accompaniment of Mr. Barbier. The Ffestiniog Brass Band was also engaged, and blended well with Riviere's orchestra. The last of the above concerts has been held, when "The Mollwyn Glee Party" of forty male voices from Blaenau Ffestiniog was specially engaged; and they were the chief attraction of the evening. The sturdy members of this party have had many Eisteddfodic successes. Their singing was indeed grand, especially in "The Martyrs of the Arena" and "The Anvil Chorus." Such volume, sweetness, and purity is very seldom heard in a male voice choir anywhere. The conductor is Mr. C. Roberts.

The members of the orchestra have now taken their departure, and I am sure every *Tudnoite* will bid them all au revoir, and look forward to their speedy return. We owe much to Mr. Verdie Fawcett, the able violinist and deputy conductor, to Mr. Walton, to Messrs. Grey, Redfern, Fawcett, Moss, Barker, Norton, Kentleton, Nicholls, Yates, Foulds, Marshall, and Cox, not forgetting Mr. Maby. The arrangements in the pavilion could not be in better hands than those of Mr. Leech; and the general success of the management is in no small measure

due to the efficient and courteous secretary, Mr.

Samuel Hughes.

I learn that a Male Choral Society has been formed at Llandudno under the conductorship of Mr. George Edwards.

WHAT IS IN A NAME?

A certain tradesman and a would-be authority, after hearing the Llanelly Choir singing their pieces at a rehearsal for the last National Swansea Eisteddfod, said to the conductor, "I do not like that heavy piece, 'The people shall hear and be afraid'—it is heavy, sombre, and gloomy, like all Welsh music; give me old Handel with his 'Impetuous torrents rise, and swelling waves.' That's the chorus for me, it is grand!" To this the conductor said, "It so happens this time that Handel is a Welshman, and lives at Aberystwyth." It can be imagined what effect this had upon the Englishman, when he saw that he had given such a compliment to a Welsh composer. And as the Cardiff Times suggests, "D. Handel Jenkins would not be at all a bad name for our popular composer." Mr. Jenkins would then have a Handle to his name.

RISING YOUNG SINGERS.

Our young Welsh lads and lasses are pushing to the fore. Miss Susannah Pierce (Dolgelley) was engaged in a concert at Ashford the other day, and the press spoke very highly of her.

Miss Ceinwen Jones of Cynou Valley has had three or four complimentary concerts lately, so as to enable her to have musical tuition at the Royal Academy of Music. She was the winner of the alto solo at the Swansea Eisteddfod, where there were fifty odd competitors.

Mr. William Evans, R.A.M. (Treforris), now studies under Sims Reeves; and in a letter of recommendation given him by Mr. August Manns, conductor at the Crystal Palace Concerts, he says, "You ought to secure a prominent place among the tenor vocalists of to-day."

IN MEMORIAM.

I must not omit to say a word about our friend, the able and popular conductor, the late Mr. John Worth, Huddersfield, who, though not a Welshman, had become well known in our midst the last few years, and would have become more so if his life had been spared. We looked upon him as a true friend. He was upright to a fault; his outspokenness won for him the respect of all. Never did I hear a single person, victors or vanquished, expressing dissatisfaction with his awards. We feel his loss in Wales the more keenly because he was one of those few English adjudicators who are sensitive to, and mutually sympathetic with, our efforts and national zeal. Our Eisteddfodic institution, though often imperfect, claimed his honour and respect.

THE RHYL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, 1892.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee the other day, Mr. J. Pierce Lewis, solicitor, was unanimously elected to be the secretary. Also at the same meeting it was resolved to endeavour to prevail upon the Lord Mayor of London to attend the Eisteddfod. Rev. Canon Howell Evans (chairman), the Dean of St. Asaph, and Mr. E. Whitely, M.P., were appointed a sub-committee to approach his lordship on the subject.

THE LLANELLY CHORAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT

Was held on Tuesday night, the 10th of last month, at the St. James's Hall, London, when they had a crowded audience and a magnificent welcome.

I give an extract from a paragraph in the Daily Telegraph:—"We saw last evening, in St. James's Hall, that a choir from Wales may reckon upon a popular and a warm-hearted audience whenever it chooses to visit the capital of the Saxon. Such applause as rewarded the two hundred singers of the Llanelly Choral Society has not often been heard in a concert-room. The enthusiasm was unbounded, the shouting tremendous, and the fire of Cambrian nationality flamed from first to last. . . The reception of the Llanelly singers was not a favour in excess of their merits. They came to London with a proud record

as winners of the first prize in the chief choral competition at Swansea Eisteddfod last August. . . . " The following soloists rendered valuable services:—

The following soloists rendered valuable services:—
Miss Eleanor Rees, Miss Maggie Davies (Dowlais),
Miss Mary Thomas, and Miss Eleanor Jenkins; Mr.
Maldwyn Humphreys, Mr. David Hughes, and Mr.
Lucas Williams. Mr. John Thomas (Pencerddgwalia).
played some of his exquisite harp solos, and Mr.
Fred. Griffiths, who went over from the Royal
English Opera, played a Welsh fantasia delightfully
on the flute. Messrs. J. Haydn Parry and Luther
Owen accompanied with unfailing tact and ability.

JOTTINGS.

, Mr. D. Emlyn Evans was present at the above concert, and was the musical adjudicator at a recent Eisteddfod of the Welsh Congregationalists, held at the Holborn Town Hall.

The adjudicators have awarded the prize of £10, offered by the National Eisteddfod Association for the best libretto on "Traeth Lavan," to the revised version by Mr. R. Bryan, Aberystwyth. This version is now in the printers' hands, and will be published in the course of a few days. The Association offers a prize of £20 at the Rhyl National Eisteddfod for the best cantata on this libretto.

Dr. Parry's new oratorio, "Saul of Tarsus," will be published by Messrs. Patey & Willis, Great Marlborough Street, London, in the course of a few weeks. The Dowlais Harmonic Society will be the first choir in South Wales to perform this work.

The Angel of bove.

Was it a dream of the Angel choirs
That sing to the hearts of men?
Or, was it the touch of vanish'd hands
Awaking lost chords again?
But I heard last night a strain so sweet,
My soul was fill d with peace,
And there came to my weary heart a wish
Its music might not cease.

For its cadence, so rich and so perfect,
Sank deep in my fainting soul,
Till the sorrows of earth were uplifted,
And joy o'er the sadness tole;
For the Angel of Love was descending
Thro' regions of starry height,
And I felt the soft trail of her garments
Silently sweep thro' the night.

I saw where she paused at the thresholds
Of homes that were loveless and dark,
To wait till the strains of her music
Had kindled the first joyous spark;
I heard the low tones of her pleadings
For entry to each harden'd heart,
But richer and purer the strain swell'd,
Ere ever I saw her depart.

And there, where the pain-wearied suff rer
Had lain down the burden of life,
I saw how the touch of her tendings
Had carried him over the strife;
How the light of her presence had soothed him
Beyond ev'ry earthly care,
Till the Angels triumphantly bore him
To rest in that haven fair.

Then lightly she gather'd her garments,
And soft thro' the night watches swept,
But glad were all hearts with the echoes
The chords of her music had left;
And the strains in the still air grew fainter,
Then softly died out with the night,
For the Angel of Love had ascended,
And pass'd thro' the Portals of Light.

E. ATTWOOD EVANS.

MISS MACINTYRE played on Saturday evening, November 14, at the Shaftesbury, the part of Santuzza in "Cavelleria Rusticana," or the first time.

Music in Glasgow.

HE principal musical event since our last notice was the recital by Mons. Paderewski, in St. Andrew's Hall on 20th October. when a large and fashionable audience assembled. This gifted artist bids fair to fill the gap caused by the retiral from public life of Rubinstein, we think, resembles him in many characteristics, physically and otherwise. His playing was in many ways a surprise, as he gives to each subject an interpretation and individuality entirely his own, so that he cannot be classed as belonging to any particular school. The programme contained Sonata, C major (Beethoven), Scherzo, B minor (Chopin), Nocturne, C minor (Chopin), and studies by Liszt and Rubinstein, the recital being brought to a close by Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise. On the 26th, in the same hall, came Sarasate and Madame Marx. So much has been said and written regarding these artists, that it is superfluous to attempt criticism. Both artists were commanded to appear on the following evening before Her Majesty and Court at Balmoral. They were in excellent form, and did justice to the programme, which contained as principal items the Kreutzer Sonata, M'Kenzie's "Pibroch," and Concertstück, Saint-Saëns. Mme. Marx played Chopin's Fantasie in F minor, and solos by Liszt and Rubinstein, and was honoured by several recalls. So great was the enthusiasm regarding Sarasate's last solo, "Le Chant du Rossignol," that the audience insisted on another encore.

Under Messrs. Muir, Wood & Co.'s auspices, in the Berkeley Hall, on the 6th November, the great violoncellist Herr Popper appeared in conjunction with Senor Arbos, violinist, and Senor Albeniz, pianist, This was the first appearance here of the famous 'cellist, whose works are so largely drawn upon by performers on this instrument. His playing was much admired, especially in his "Elfentanz" and "Spinnerlied," his execution being of the highest order, and his tone round and sweet, and something to be remembered by those present. The programme included a trio of Mendelssohn's. Senor Arbos was heard to good advantage in Sarasate's Spanish Dances and Schumann's Gartenmelodie. Senor Albeniz played Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, and Nocturne in same key, and the audience was charmed by his liquid and beautiful tone. Miss Blanche Powell was the vocalist, and sang songs by Grieg, Brahms, and Goring Thomas, and was well received.

The weekly Saturday Evening Concert Company are producing good talent. At a recent concert the boy 'cellist, Jean Gerardy, and other eminent artists appeared.

At the Theatre Royal on the 10th, we were visited by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, including the wellknown artists, Mdlle. Lussan and Madame Burns. Signor Dimitiesco, Lely, and Crotty. The operas performed were much the same as last season, the only exception being Auber's "Domino Noir," which is not drawing such crowded houses as the old favourites "Carmen," "Huguenots," "Romeo and

On 22nd October and 3rd November the Glasgow Quartet gave their usual fortnightly subscription concert in the Berkeley Hall. M. Sons leader.

The London Military Band, who have been great favourites here since our last Exhibition, spent a week in Scotland, commencing on 19th October, and gave four concerts in Glasgow and the vicinity. They were well received on all occasions; part of the attraction was doubtless the appearances at their concerts of Messrs. Harper, Kearton, and Bantock Pierpont, who fully kept up their good reputation.

On Saturday afternoons, and at cheap prices, Mr. J. K. Strachan gives organ recitals on the grand organ in St. Andrew's Hall, assisted by local vocalists. The attendance is encouraging. Mons. Guilmant at a future date.

THE Bristol Festival Committee has decided to hold the usual intermediate concerts in February next instead of this month, so as not to clash with the Birmingham Festival.

York Rotes.

THE happiest among the musical events here lately was the visit of Mr. Arthur Rouseby's Opera Company during the last week of October. They performed "Maritana," Bohemian Girl," "Faust," "Martha," "Don Giovanni," and "The Rose of Castille," and all of them well; but their best efforts were reserved for "Don Giovanni." This was given reserved for "Don Giovanni." admirably; the artists were all in capital voice, themselves into their parts with such abandon, that one could easily have fancied the scene a living reality rather than a play. Mr. Arthur Rouseby was very natural and gay as the wicked Don Juan; the part seemed to suit him. Miss Amy Gee, Miss Agnes Molteno, and Mme. Marie D'Alcourt have all very good voices, and sang admirably in their parts as Donna Elvira, Donna Anna, and Zerlina. They are three artists of whom any company might be proud; the two former are especially charming. Miss Amy Gee sang the Bo and Ba, which frequently occur in her part, with the greatest ease and clearness; her voice is of considerable compass. The chorus, too, acquitted themselves well, and were enthusiastically encored at the chorus "Let's enjoy while the season invites us." Mr. Winckworth's Leporello was very good. We have never seen opera so well performed away from London, and shall look forward with great pleasure to Mr. Arthur Rouseby's visit next year.

After the Opera Company, Mr August van Biene occupied the Theatre for a week with "Carmen up to Date." He was followed by "The Village Forge," which was succeeded by Mr. Louis Calvert's Comwhich was succeeded by Mr. Louis Carlet's Coini-pany from November 16th to 21st. They gave the "Corsican Brothers," "Merchant of Venice," "Black Eyed Susan," "Richelieu," and "The Robbery of the Mail." "Richelieu" was performed for Mr. Louis Calvert's "Benefit," and, unfortunately, to a very poor house, though the acting was admirable. Mr. Calvert played the Cardinal to perfection, Mr. Alfred Ferrand was excellent as de Mauprat, and one could not have wished for a more vacillating and feeble king than Mr. Vivian Reynolds represented as Louis XII. Mr. Francis Hawley, too, as Baradas was sufficiently crafty and cruel. Altogether Mr. Calvert's Company is good all round, and very well balanced.

A concert was given at the Institute, on November 3, under Mr. Sample's direction. Unfortunately, the star of the evening, the Rev. Ramsay L'Amy, was unable to appear through illness. The most enjoyable part of the concert was a pianoforte duet, "Hommage aux Dames," played by Mr. Sample and Mr. Porteous Mr. Porteous is as yet "in the days of his youth," but he shows great promise, and if he have opportunity to further cultivate his art, will do well. is certainly in love with his profession, and has con-

siderably improved in his playing of late.

At the Exhibition there have been several attrac-On November 4 there was a Cycle Carnival, which Mr. George Kirby promoted in aid of the funds of the York Dispensary. We understand they have benefited to the extent of £58, 13s. 10d. in conse-

On November 5 and 6, Miss Adelaide Detchon gave two musical and lyric recitals. Miss Detchon is a wonderful elocutionist, quite apart from her charm On the second evening she was aided by Mr. F. Milton Hunter, a pleasing tenor, and Mr. Arthur L'Estray as pianist.

The African Choir has again been here on the 12th, 13th, and 14th ult.; they performed at the Exhibition. This time they were supplemented by the band of the 1st Dragoons, which was a great additional attraction. This band plays so well that it is a pity they do not favour us with more worthy music: doubtless, however, this would not prove so popular in a York audience.

ast, but by no means least in importance must mention the visit of Sir Charles Hallé, with his orchestra of sixty members, on November 11. That this was, is, and will have been, the best concert of the season, goes without saying. The programme was

PART I.

Overture, "Rienzi,"
Romanza for Stringed Orchestra, in C, ...
"Kamarinskaga" in D,
Solo Pianoforte, {(a) Nocturne in D flat, }
{(b) Ballad in G minor, }
Sir Charles Hallé.
New Song, "Devotion,"
Mr. Chilver Wilson. PART II. "Danse Slave" in C,

Sir Charles played in his usual charming and finished style. The Schumann Concerto was most enjoyable. The "Rienzi" Overture was exceedingly Wagner does not spare an orchestra, and they must have found Mozart's Romanza, which followed, a welcome rest in comparison. Dvorák's "Danse Slave" must also have been a tax upon the performers; it is very charming, and has a great amou "go"-just the piece to finish up with. Sir Charles Hallé's orchestra is certainly the finest in England; they play with the most wonderful precision and ease, each performer is an artist, and—what is most important—merges himself in the whole. The programme was altogether excellently arranged; its only fault was shortness. One felt with Oliver Twist the need of "more."

Gambridge Rotes.

HE Michaelmas term has as usual opened with a good programme of music. At the Guildhall on Wednesday, October 27, a ballad concert was given by Messrs. Boosey's London Ballad Concert party. The most noticeable features of the evening were—"The three ages of love" (Lover), sung with perfection by Mr. Michael Maybrick; "If I could but forget thee" (Moir), sung by Mr. 11. Piercy; "Voices" (Molloy), sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling; "Love and War," duet by Cooke, sung by Messrs. Piercy and Maybrick; and "Blow, gentle gales," quintet by Bishop, exquisitely sung by Mesdames Mary Davis and Antoinette Sterling, and Messrs. Piercy, Chilley, and Maybrick. The duet and quintet were a great relief to the numerous songs. Two violin solos were rendered by Madame Nellie Carpenter, and a piano-forte solo by Madame Zoe Caryll. Mr. Sydney Naylor was the conductor.

On Wednesday evening, November 4, the first of a series of orchestral and chamber concerts, to be given under the auspices of the Cambridge University Musical Society, took place. The works performed on thisoccasion were—Overture, "Coriolan" (Beethoven); Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra in D minor, No. I (Brahms); and Mozart's Jupiter Symphony. Mr. Leonard Borwick was the pianist, and his playing, both in Brahms' Concerto and in the solos which he gave, was perfection. Songs were sung by Mr. Sandbrook. The conductor was Professor C. V. Stanford, M.A., Mus. D., of whose powers it is unnecessary to speak.

On Wednesday evening, November II, the second of the series was given, this time chamber music being performed. The works were —String Quartet in A minor, Op. 132 (Beethoven), and String Quartet in D major, No. 79 (Haydn). The instrumentalists were Messrs. Compertz, Inivards, Kreuz, and Ould. Mr. Allison Phillips was the vocalist, and sang in a masterly manner. under the auspices of the Cambridge University

masterly manner.

Lectures have been given by Professor Stanford on Mozart's Jupiter Symphony and Schubert's C major

Excellent work is done in the way of music by the Cambridge University Musical Club, which was founded a short time ago for the encouragement of concerted music among members of the University. A concert is given every Saturday evening by the

Music in Bristol.

F the five or six concerts which I have to notice in this letter, the first, both in point of date and importance, was that given on October 23, at Colston Hall, when Parts I. and II. of Haydn's "Creation," and a miscellaneous selection, were performed, in aid of the St. Agnes Industrial Home at Knowle. For this object Madame Albani had kindly volunteered her services and the tenor and bass solos were in the hands of Messrs. Lloyd and Santley. The Bristol Choral Society, numbering 500 voices, and Mr. Riseley's Monday Popular Concerts band, considerably aug mented in the strings, and reaching a total of 80, the leaders being H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh (who visited our city specially for this concert) and Mr. T. Carrington, completed a fine executive force, both as regards numbers and efficiency. Mr. George Riseley, on whom so much of the labour and respon sibility devolved, was not found wanting, and it is mainly to his credit that the remarkably successful performance is to be placed. That the "Creation" is a familiar work is true; but it has not been adequately given in Bristol for some time past, and those nded the twelve or fourteen rehearsals preceding this concert can testify to the minute study which each number received, the result being that the choruses were sung throughout with great freedom, enthusiasm, and expression. Indeed, beyond one or two weak starts, there was but little fault to be found. The balance might have been improved by strengthening the alto and tenor sections, but the tone of the choir was excellent. Of the solos nothing need be said, save that the effect of the recitatives was improved by the accompaniments being arranged for all the strings by Mr. Riseley. The soloists all appeared in the second part of the programme, and received enthusiastic recalls, Madame Albani especially being the subject of a perfect ovation. remains to mention an exceptionally dramatic per-formance of the Tannhäuser Overture by the band, and the rendering of Dr. Parry's fine setting of Milton's ode, "Blest Pair of Sirens." This was done under the direction of the composer, who seemed highly gratified by the really perfect presentation of his work. Here, indeed, the choir were thoroughly at home, and sang the music in a manner which was infinitely beyond their first performance of it in May last. The improvement in light and shade was particularly noticeable. Dr. Parry was obliged to return to acknowledge the applause of both audience and performers. The hall was full in every part, and the concert was throughout an entire

Miss Mary Lock's Popular Chamber Concerts are this year to be given in Redland Park Hall, and the first took place on the 26th of October. There was a fair audience, and the programme included Mendelssohn's pianoforte quartet in E flat, a Sonata in G minor for piano and violin, by Emil Sjögren, performed for the first time in England, Rubinsto trio in B flat (two movements), a Scherzo and Capriccio of Mendelssohn's for pianoforte, and two popular trifles for violoncello. The executants were Mr. Arthur Hudson (violin), Mr. Edward Pavey (violoncello), Mr. Gardner (viola), and Miss Lock (piano); Miss Maggie Purvis was the vocalist, and

Mr. Fulford the accompanist.

The second concert of the Bristol Musical Association was given at Colston Hall on October 31, when a good miscellaneous programme was performed by Mr. G. Gordon's choir and band—Miss Florence Monk (soprano), Mr. E. T. Morgan (tenor), Mr. A. Tucker (bass), and Mr. Howard Reynolds, whose cornet solos have always proved popular at these gatherings. This was followed on the 2nd ult. by the second of the Monday Orchestral Concerts. The overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was admirably played, and perhaps the most interesting feature of the evening was the performance of Schumann's Grand Concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra. The solo part was entrusted to Mr. Parsons, a professional pupil of Mr. Riseley. The whole was played from memory, which was in itself twice; while "Romeo and Juliet," "The Trouba-

quite a feat, with the greatest ease and freedom, and with an absence of all nervousness, which bespoke absolute knowledge of the work, gained by close and intelligent study. The slow movement and Scherzo from Beethoven's 7th Symphony was the only other item of importance. The vocalists were Miss Mary Morgan and Mr. Bantock-Pierpoint, who each co Mr. Carrington, and conducted by Mr. Riseley.
There was a moderately good attendance.
Miss Florence Eyre, who is now well known amongst

us as a pianist of high standing, gave the first of a series of four Classical Chamber Concerts at the Victoria Rooms on the 12th ult., when a most interesting gramme was presented, consisting entirely of instru-There were but three items mental music. Mendelssohn's Quartet for Strings in E flat, Rubin stein's Sonata in A minor for violin and piano, and Rheinberger's Quartet in E flat for piano and strings. Miss Eyre was assisted by Signor Darmaro (violi Mr. Y. Duijs (second violin), Mr. A. Welten (viola), and Herr von Gelder (violoncello). The performance was in all respects an admirable one, and Miss Eyre may be congratulated upon the result of her venture which, artistically at least, was most gratifying, and we hope it may not be less so from a financial point

Mr. George Riseley has given organ recitals at the Colston Hall on Saturday evening when the hall was not otherwise engaged, and a special recital was given

on the 13th ult., being Colston's Day.

There has been a good deal of talk lately about the ossibility of sending various musical bodies from our city to the Industrial Exhibition at Vienna next year, as representative of English music; but, as no distinct scheme is formulated as yet, it may be well to wait until something definite is announced before going

Music in Portemouth.

USIC has been somewhat in a quies state the past month, although the buzz of voices and the murmuring of many strings give promise of much interest for the near future.

M. Paderewski gave his farewell recital at the Portland Hall, on Wednesday, October 28, before a large audience; he was accompanied by M. Gorski, a linist of great talent, who evoked great applause for skilful manipulation of the instrument.

A combination of Nonconformist choirs was heard to great advantage at the Town Hall, on Tuesday the 10th inst.; about 250 voices were engaged.

Sunday afternoon sacred concerts are now being held at the Victoria Hall. The Saturday evening recitals at the Town Hall appear to increase in favour. Among the executants and vocalists have been George E. Ivimey of Southampton, B. Jáckson (of People's Palace, London), C. H. Behr (Royal Garrison Church), who presided at the grand organ, and Mme. Lily Lowe, Charles Geddes, Mme. Edith Touzeau, F. W. Chessman, Miss Burden, C. Long, vocaliste.

Mr. H. A. Storry, at his Saturday concerts at the Portland Hall, has met with considerable success; his concerts, artistically, have been of a high order, and the patronage numerous and appreciative. Among the artists were included Mmes. Clara Samuell, Belle Cole, Emily Spada, Miss Meredyth Elliott, and Messrs. Bantock-Pierpoint, Dyved Lewys, Philip Newbury, and Orlando Harley.

Notes from beeds.

THE Carl Rosa Opera Company has paid its annual visit, giving fourteen performances

dour," and "Maritana," were also presented. These represent the list which have, on several other visits, been afforded a hearing in Leeds; and in addition to these "The Talisman" was heard for the first time, as was "The Black Domino." "The Hugue-" again, has not been given for so many ye that it came as a novelty to many who have only this opportunity of becoming acquainted with the musical-dramatic art in its highest form. Many of the established favourites among the performers have left the company during the last twelve months, and among the new-comers who attracted sympathetic interest were Miss Alice Esty, Mr. Durward Lely (in "Carmen"), Mr. Dimitresco, and particularly Mr. Bowman Ralston, a native of Hull, who owns a magnificent bass voice, which was shown to advantage in the parts of The Friar in "Romeo," and Mephistopheles in "Faust." The Canadian tenor, Mr. E. C. Hedmondt, also made his first appearance as a member of this company in one of the presentations

Mr. Christensen gave a chamber concert on October 28, and, with the assistance of Mr. Müller, Mr. Schöring, Mr. Gutfeld, and Mr. Giessing, announced Haydn's String Quartet in G, and Rhein-berger's Pianoforte Quintet in C (Op. 114), with some

ongs for Miss Inverni.

Mr. John Gutfeld, on October 11, gave a violin cital of much interest, presenting Beethoven's onata in G for violin and pianoforte, with Mr. Christensen; and these artists were joined by Mr. Giessing in Rubinstein's Trio in B flat. Another item of much enjoyment was Bach's Concerto for two violins in D minor, played excellently by the concertgiver and Mr. Müller, who has lately come from Cassel to settle here.

Mr. Sarasate and Madame Bertha Marx gave a recital on November 9, before a tolerably large audience. His programme began well, but developed as the evening advanced into virtuosic selections. The great Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven's received a beautiful, graceful, and refined rendering, wanting only a greater masculine grip to made it ideal. A Concertstlick of Saint-Saëns was the next most interesting item. The remainder was inconsiderable as music, but was, at least, well chosen to display the phenomenal nature of the great violinist's powers and, it may be added, of those of his associate

The meeting of the guarantors of the Leeds Musical Festival has been held, when the executive committee was elected, and Sir Arthur Sullivan was again unanimously chosen conductor for the Festival of next October, which position he has since again accepted. It has been decided, rightly or wrongly, to give fewer novelties; and arrangements are m only for a new cantata, by Mr. F. H. Cowen, and a symphonic composition from Mr. F. Cliffe, who is a native of the West Riding, and whose successful symphony was declined by the committee for the Festival of 1889. There is, however, just a slender hope that Sir Arthur Sullivan may yet meet with the "suitable libretto" which it is said is what he requires to add another and most attractive interest to the programme.

We omitted to mention in last month's Magazine that the words of "In the sweet, sweet budding time," by Miss Sarah Chetwynd, were inserted by kind permission of the proprietors of Everybody's

WE understand that Fraulein Reidl has been appointed Lady Superintendent of the Royal Academy of Music. She will have nothing whatever to do with the music teaching, but is responsible for the order and behaviour of the lady students, who seem to have hitherto done pretty much as they pleased; and as "out of chaos came order," she certainly finds plenty of the raw material to hand. From personal experience we cannot speak too highly of Fraulein Reidl; she is clever and vigorous, and altogether exceedingly well fitted to cope with the difficulties of the post she has undertaken. We may mention that the post she has undertaken. We may a Fraulein Reidl is a very successful artist.

Newcastle_upon_Jyne Notes.

HE musical season here has commenced in real earnest now, the first important concert being the Annual Police Concert, which was given in the Town Hall on 21st October, the following being the artists:-Madame Albani, Miss Girtin-Barnard, Madame Amy Sherwin, M. Eugene Ysaye, Master Jean Gerardy, and Mr. Benno Schönberger. With such an array it is no wonder that the hall was crowded with a brilliant and most enthusiastic audience. Madame Albani's voice seems as fresh as ever, and she received perfect ovations at the end of her songs. Madame Sherwin surprised those of her hearers who had not heard her before, and at once established herself as a Newcastle favourite. Miss Girtin-Barnard also came in for her share of the honours of the evening. The instrumental portion of the programme was particularly interesting. M. Vsaye is a violinist of the highest standard, and although there is an amount of virtuosity in his playing, one almost lost sight of it in his only in his playing, one annotation. Master Jean masterly execution and sweet tone. Master Jean Gerardy is indeed a marvel, and surpassed all expectations, and "brought the house" with his wonderful playing. It was a most enjoyable concert, with only one fault, and that was the programme was rather too long, as the greater part of the audience had to leave the hall before the end.

On Friday evening, October 23rd, Senor Sarasate, the world-renowned violinist, and Madame Bertha Marx, gave a concert in the Town Hall. There was a crowded audience. The following was the programme submitted:—

Duet for Violing	. "Fantaisie" (Op. 159), .	Schubert.
Solo, Violin, .	· · "Concerto,"	Beethoven.
	For Violin (first movement).	17
Solos, Pianoforte.	(a) "Polonaise Fantaisie,".	Chopin.
	(b) "Etude,"	Schlosser.
Solo, Violin, .	. "Pibroch,"	Mackenzie.
Solo, Pianoforte,	"Ungarische Zigeunerweisen,"	Tansig.
Solo, Violin, .	"Le Chant du Rossignol," .	Sarasate.

There are artists who are above criticism, and Sarasate is one of them, He is a master, and to attempt to criticise his magnificent playing, his exquisite tone, his depth of feeling, his brilliancy of execution is impossible. His rendering of Beethoven's delightful concerto was a revelation, and his playing of Dr. Mackenzie's "Pibroch" was a brilliant success, at the conclusion of which he was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm. In response to this unanimous demand for an encore he gave a "Bolero" of his own composition; and at the conclusion of the programme was cheered again and again by the delighted audience. Madame Marx came here with a great reputation as a pianist, and it is needless to say that she upheld the name which she has made for herself. Her execution of the most difficult passages proved that she possesses a perfect command over her instrument. As an encore to her second solo she played Liszt's delightful "Liebestraum" with much feeling. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt was a most efficient and sympathetic accompanist in Sarasate's last solo.

On November 3rd, Mr. J. H. Beers began his third season of chamber concerts in the Grand Assembly Rooms, when the following programme was performed:—

Quartet for Strings, in E flat (Op. 12), .		Mendelssohn.
Song, . "Sweetest eyes were ever seen,		F. H. Cowen.
Violin Solo, . "Romance,"	4	E. Ersfeld.
Sonata for Violin and Piano (Op. 21), .		Gade.
Song, "Cradle Song of the Virgin,"		Brahms.
(With Viola Obligato).		
Sestet for Piano and Strings,		W. S. Rennett.

There was a large and critical audience. Beyond the excellence of the programme there was the interest in the fact that all the artists were local musicians, and such as we have every reason to be proud of.

Of the instrumental portion of the programme, the most enjoyable items were the Gade "Sonata" and Steradale Bennett's "Sestet"—the latter being played by Messrs. J. H. Beers and F. Hastings (violins), J. H. Hill (viola), S. H. Beers ('cello), W. E. Lawson (double bass), and J. M. Preston (piano). This work, in which by far the most important part is for the piano, was particularly well rendered, Mr. Preston giving a capital performance of his line. Works of this class by English composers are very rare, and it was, therefore, all the more welcome. Mr. Beers played his solo in his usual admirable way. Miss Mimi Beers was the vocalist, and in her well-selected songs contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. Her rendering of Brahms' "Cradle Song of the Virgin" was most artistic, Mr. Hill playing the viola obligato with much feeling. Next concert, it is announced, will include a quintet for clarionet and strings by Mozart.

THE Newcastle Amateur Vocal Society have under rehearsal Barnett's "Building of the Ship" for their December concert.

DR. CHAMBERS has formed a new musical society, under the name of the Newcastle Philharmonic Society, to comprise an amateur choir and an amateur orchestra.

Music in Salisbury.

HORAL SOCIETIES are the order of the day in this neighbourhood, several new ones having been recently established. The success of some of these institutions is assured, while others are, I fear, doomed to failure. In the former class I should include the Downton Musical Society, already beginning to flourish in a small place four or five miles from Salisbury, under the conductorship of the accomplished Countess of Radnor. It is unpleasant to prognosticate evil, but I can see nothing in store but failure for a similar society which has been started in an ancient little town almost under the shadow of our cathedral spire. Notices have been issued to the effect that the work of this society would commence under peculiar conditions. Two distinct weekly rehearsals are to be held; one in the afternoon for ladies (!) only, presumably of a certain social grade, and the other in the evening for people of ordinary calibre. present, I believe, there are many vacancies in the evening section.

THE second of Mr. Alfred Foley's popular concerts took place here at the County Hall on the 2nd. A very attractive programme was provided, and carried out in a highly creditable manner, especial praise being due to the orchestra, led by Mr. E. Jones, R. A.M., and conducted by Mr. Foley, for extremely good renderings of the "Hans Heiling" overture, and a Serenade for Strings, "Sous le Balcon," in which the 'cello solo was exquisitely played by Miss Hussey. The third concert of this series is announced for the 30th, when the programme will include Beethoven's Symphony in C, and a concert overture by a local lady amateur composer.

MR. WALTER BARNETT gave a grand concert in the Talbot Hall, Wilton, on the 12th, assisted by Mrs. Walter Barnett, Mr. Howgate (of Salisbury Cathedral), Mr. Bowey, Mr. Farmer, and the members of his violin class. The delightful singing of Mrs. Walter Barnett was much enjoyed, her excellent voice being undoubtedly highly cultivated. Her first song, "Eternal Rest," with organ obligato well played by Mr. Bowey, was the feature of the concert. Special mention should be made of the playing of Mr. Barnett's pupils, who acquitted themselves to their own credit and to that of their master. Mr. Howgate and the concert-giver were very successful in their songs, and Mr. Farmer's cornet solo was much appreciated. The accompaniments were played by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barnett and Mr. Bowey.

The concert was a great success, Mr. Barnett, although not a resident at Wilton, being much esteemed in the town as a teacher.

I AM sorry that the Ladies' Orchestral Concert, to which I referred last month, will take place too late for notice in this number. As I write the members of the orchestra, ladies collected from all parts of England, including an unusually large number of firstrate performers, under the leadership of Miss Winifred Holiday of the Royal College of Music, are engaged in their rehearsals, held in the drawing-room of the Bishop's Palace. I think I am safe in saying that such a large and capable string orchestra has never assembled in Salisbury before. portion of the programme bids fair to be in no way inferior to the orchestral work. Mrs. Hutchinson, who is never heard to so much advantage as in short songs, requiring the highest finish and expression, will sing several well-known songs illustrating different styles. Mrs. Heseltine Owen, the other vocalist, whose voice is a deep contralto, is a pupil of Miss Hilda Wilson. She sings with great charm such simple songs as she is announced to give, to her own accompaniment. She is a composer too, and will sing one of her own, which is shortly to be published in a volume of her compositions by Boosey & Co.

Among the fixtures for December are the first concert of the Sarum Choral Society, under the conductorship of Mr. South, the cathedral organist, and a People's Concert, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Foley. For the latter occasion Miss Florence Cromey and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barnett have been engaged.

Music in Rorth Staffordshire.

FTER slumbering peacefully for two-thirds of a year, musical matters in North Staffordshire appear to be waking up, albeit in a somewhat spasmodic manner. The Stoke Philharmonic and the Hanley Glee and Madrigal Society (now the only remnants of the six musical societies which flourished in the district a few years ago) are now in active work; the former rehearsing Sullivan's "Light of the World," which will be performed early in the spring, and the latter the "Messiah," which is announced for December 15, with Miss Macintyre, Miss Dews, Mr. J. W. Turner, and Mr. Iveson as principals.

The Monday Evening Popular Concerts have been inaugurated this season with considerable success,—that is, from a financial point of view, although the three programmes which have been, up to now, provided for the large audiences seem to have been arranged under the impression that the less the charge for admission the less high-class must be the

On October 28 Madame Patti appeared for the second time in the Victoria Hall, Hanley, with a strong company, consisting of Miss Mary Douglas, the violinist; Madame de Pachmann, Madame Patey, Miss Marie Titiens, Mr. Durward Lely, Mr. Novara, and Herr Sieveking. The Victoria Hall was crowded in every part excepting the highest-priced seats, whence the local magnates — whose tastes have not yet been cultivated in a musical direction—are wont, on these occasions, to absent themselves in large Madame Patti, who was in excellent voice, sang her seven selections (at £100 a time) in the most brilliant manner, and aroused the thusiasm of her hearers as she alone can. Of the other performers, Madame Pachmann and Miss Mary Douglas were the most popular; the former on account of her charming and refined playing of Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, and Raff's Prelude and Rigondon for the piano. Altogether the concert was one of the most delightful ever heard in the district, and all lovers of high-class music are greatly indebted to Messrs. Harrison of Birmingham, who were re-

Foreign Notes.

FRÄULEIN SOPHIE VON POSNANSKY, a young pianist, pupil of Rubinstein, was performing lately in Berlin, at the Singakademie, with great success. The Allgemeine Musik Zeitung prophesies a great future for her if she fulfils the promise of her first appearance. A beautiful, soft, warm tone and great variety, as well as deep feeling, are mentioned among the possessions of this young artist.

THE Paris Société de Musique de Chambre pour Instruments à Vent has been performing with great success at Strasbourg and Frankfort. Among the works presented at their concerts were Mozart's quintet for piano and wind instruments, Schubert's variations for piano and flute, Gouvy's octett, Schumann's fantaisiestücke for piano and clarionet, etc. The Swiss tour of this society has been a series of triumphs, and MM. Taffanel, Gillet, Turban, Grisez, Garigues, etc. etc., may be highly congratulated upon the perfection of their work.

WAGNER'S "Walkure" will be performed this season in Turin.

A SERIES of performances of Mozart's operas is to be given in Stuttgart this month. "Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Il Flauto Magico," "Cosi fan Tutte," are announced, as well as "Die Entführung."

THE centenary of the birth of Lindpaintner is also to be celebrated on the 8th of this month, when the "Fest-Ouvertüre," the ballet "Das Schweizerhaus," an act of "Lichtenstein," etc., are to be given in honour of this composer, who was for many years Hofkapellmeister at the Stuttgart Opera. He died in 1856.

"LOHENGRIN" seems to have been a success in Paris. For the first ten performances 206,991 francs were taken; that is, about 20,000 francs for each evening.

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Ir is announced that MM. Gailhard and Lamoureux intend to erect a Wagner Theatre in Versailles, after the model of the one at Bayreuth.

M. COLONNE is to be the new musical director at the Grand Opéra in Paris.

THE Allgemeine Musik Zeitung chronicles the first performance in Rome of Mascagni's new opera, "Friend Fritz," and, according to this account, the new work is a very distinct advance upon the young composer's first successful opera. The instrumentation is said to be much finer and more carefully worked out, and many of the songs, etc., as well as the overture and entr'actes, are highly praised.

THE fortieth anniversary of Herr Hellmesberger's connection with the Vienna Conservatorium was celebrated lately, and many and hearty were the congratulations received by the well-known professor.

MESSAGER'S opera, "Die Basoche," has been produced in Berlin.

Frau Amalie Joachim has again been giving a set of "Liederabende," in which she brought forward a wonderfully rich and comprehensive collection of German songs, ancient and modern. Her performance, as usual, was magnificent.

BALAKIREW, 'the Russian composer, who is an enthusiastic admirer of Chopin's music, lately visited

the birthplace of the great Polish musician at Zelazowa Wola, a little village a few miles from Warsaw. The house in which Frederick Chopin was born is now in rather a dilapidated state, and it is proposed that the Warsaw Musical Society shall purchase and restore it, putting up a tablet to commemorate the fact that their celebrated master passed the earliest years of his life there.

RUBINSTEIN's opera, "The Demon," is shortly to be produced in Hamburg, and it is hoped that the composer may be prevailed upon to conduct the performance in person.

A CURIOUS accident is reported from Vienna, at the representation of the "Lovers of Teruel," by the Spanish composer Breton. The hero dies in the last act, and is brought on the stage in his coffin. The effect of this too realistic appearance was more startling than had been anticipated, for the heroine was so terrified that she fainted and fell, her head striking the floor of the stage with great violence. She had to be carried off, and it was some time before she recovered sufficiently to be able to go home to her own house.

BEETHOVEN'S ballet, "Prometheus," is to be represented at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna.

THE large collection of musical instruments which Herr de Witt intends to send to the Vienna Exhibition is the third which he has managed to bring together, the first two having been acquired by the State of Prussia.

Le Ménestrel publishes an extract from a letter of Verdi's, in which he says he is at work upon an opera to be called "Falstaff," the libretto of which is written by Boito.

THE German Emperor is said to have sent forty conductors of military bands to Bayreuth to learn the proper manner in which Wagner's compositions ought to be performed, so that they may have the real and only authentic traditions to guide them in their future renderings of these works.

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It is not perhaps generally known that Schumann's Symphony in E flat (No. 4) is really the second in the order of its composition. Schumann did not feel satisfied with it when it was finished, and kept it for ten years, then re-wrote it and published it as No. 4 instead of No. 2. Brahms, who is in possesion of the first and neglected Symphony, is about to publish it at last, in spite of the fact that its composer did not think it worthy of his name.

An enthusiastic Wagner freund in Zurich, on the occasion of the late performance in that town of the opera of "Lohengrin," presented to the administration of the theatre the sum of 10,000 francs.

M. JANCOURT, professor of bassoon playing at the Paris Conservatoire since 1875, has resigned his post, on account of advancing years. He is the author of an excellent work upon bassoon playing, and of numerous compositions for this instrument, and been the inventor of various improvements in the construction of the bassoon.

THE mother of Anton Rubinstein died lately at Odessa, at the age of 86.

THE San Martin Theatre at Buenos Ayres was burned down a few weeks ago, and the artists had to escape for their lives. One of them, the baritone Spinelli, turned back to try to save his wife's jewels, but his efforts were unsuccessful, and he fell a victim to the flames. Several other artists had a narrow escape, owing to the incredible rapidity with which the fire spread. Fortunately, for the safety of the audience, the doors were just opened, and very few people had had time to enter the theatre before the fire was discovered, and the alarm given.

THE theatre at the Vienna Musical and Dramatic Exhibition has forty doors! Surely there will be no danger, in case of fire, of the audience being unable to get out. 3600 autographs and 1200 portraits of artists are promised for the Exhibition.

MLLE, ELLY WARNOTS is to succeed Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington as Professor of Singing at the Brussels Conservatoire. Mme. Sherrington leaves Brussels to settle in London.

An American impresario is said to have offered Herr Johann Strauss an engagement for fifty concerts in the United States, the remuneration offered being over 400,000 francs (£16,000), besides travelling expenses, board, and lodging for five persons.

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THE 500th representation of "Carmen," and the 914th of "Mignon," were given at the Paris Opéra Comique in October.

JOSEPH GLAESER, the Danish composer, whose songs are well known throughout Scandinavia, died at Copenhagen on the 1st of October.

THE Royal Library of Berlin possesses more than two hundred autograph compositions of Mozart, among which are the scores of seven operas (one of which is "Die Zauberflöte"), and those of twentythree symphonies.

GAYARRE is said to have left a very interesting memoir behind him, which is about to be published.

M. COLONNE'S concerts of French music in St. Petersburg and Moscow have been remarkably well received, quite an ovation having been offered to the celebrated Paris chef d'orchestre.

THE Direction of the Chicago Exhibition have opened negotiations with Herr Angelo Neumann for the organisation of a Wagner Festival, with the Bayreuth artists, and in a theatre to be constructed after the model of the Bayreuth one. All Wagner's operas, from "Die Feen" down to the "Tetralogy," would be performed, with the single exception of "Parsifal." There would be four evening and two morning performances weekly.

Trinity Gollege.

HE official balance-sheet of Trinity College, London, whereat Sir Richard Webster, Attorney-General, recently distributed the prizes, has just been issued. The figures little instructive. It appears that out of 9945 candidates examined last year, only 2144 were "plucked." One of those examinations was held at Naini Tal, in India, and out of thirty-seven candidates only seven failed to pass-a fact which would tend to indicate either that the examiners were lenient, or that the standard of musical knowledge among the heathen Hindoo is far higher than it has hitherto been supposed to be. The working expenses of examinations, including all the fees to examiners, amounted to only £4090, while the takings were £7493, from which I gather that he who is concerned in an enterprise of this sort shares in a good thing. These examination institutions of various grades and degrees of utility are, however, now multiplying and extending at so rapid a rate as to raise the question whether the time has not arrived to place the whole affair under State control. It is estimated that upwards of £30,000 a year is now paid by pupils at middle-class schools and by private candidate s for musical examinations, some of them, like that of Trinity College, doubtless, a fair examination, while others are not. The profits, it will be seen, are enormous, and it seems high time that the duties should be undertaken by Government, whose certificate (with or without the initial appendages to the candidates' names, which appears to be so powerful a bait) would, at any rate, bear the stamp of a recognised authority.

beicester Musical Rotes.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

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PHILHARMONIC EICESTER CIETY, Hon. Conductor, Mr. H. B. Ellis, F.C.O.; Musical Director, Mr. J. Herbert Marshall. The works in rehearsal for production are, on December 10, "St. Paul (Mendelssohn); February 25, "Faust" (Gounod), and "Rose of Sharon" (Dr. Mackenzie), date not yet fixed.

AT the Temperance Hall, on November 2, a concert was given in aid of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Railway Guards Universal Friendly Society, under the patronage of His Worship the Mayor, Alderman W. Kempson. The audience was very large and the concert highly successful. following ladies and gentlemen appeared under the direction of Mr. Hodgson A. Craig (London)-Mesdames Emily Squires, Jessie Hotine, Louie Taylor, and Madame Rich, Messrs. Dyved Lewys, M'Call Chambers, and Alexander Tucker. * * *

MESSRS. BOOSEY'S LONDON BALLAD CONCERT, arranged by Mr. N. Vert, under the local management of Mr. J. Herbert Marshall, came to a successful issue at the Floral Hall on November 7. The artists engaged for the occasion were Mrs. Mary Davies, Miss Alice Gomez, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Madame Nettie Carpenter, Madame Zoe Caryll, Mr. Henry Piercy, Mr. Charles Chilley, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Sydney Naylor, conductor. The vast building was well filled by an enthusiastic audience; many encores were demanded and given, to the complete satisfaction of all.

AT the Temperance Hall on November 12, Mr. J. Herbert Marshall gave his grand concert, on which occasion the famous Nikita and a powerful combination appeared. The hall was completely packed in every portion, and the concert proved a real triumph. The flite of the town and all the leading members of the various musical circles were present. enthusiasm prevailed. Nikita, the brilliant star of the evening, was in particularly fine voice; her share of the well-arranged and diversified programme included recit-cavatina "Ernani" (Verdi); three nightingale songs—(a) The German, (b) The Russian, (c) The English; new song (by Haddock), "The Soul's Awakening." As encores, Nikita gave Meyer-Hel-mund's song, "The Magic of thy Voice," and Eckart's famous "Echo Song" (the latter by special request of a number of ladies and gentlemen who heard Nikita sing it at the Kursall at Bad Ems in 1890). "The Echo Song" proved, without hesita-tion, the gem of the evening. The other artists engaged were also well received. The concert party consisted of Nikita, Madame Belle Cole, The Meister Glee Singers, Messrs. William Sexton, Gregory Hast, W. G. Forington, and Webster Norcross; Herr Georg Liebling (solo piano), Mr. Leo Stern (solo 'cellist). Madame Hast efficiently accompanied. 'cellist). Mr. J. Herbert Marshall, the manager, is highly congratulated on securing such a galaxy of talent and achieving such a substantial success. . . .

A GRAND CONCERT was given at the Floral Hall on November 23, under the management of Mr. John H. Clarke, by special arrangements with Mr. Farley Simkins (the well-known London concert agent). The following artists appeared:—Madame Laura Zagury, Master Max Hamburg, Mons. Seiffert, Mesdames Mina Rees, Amy Sargent, Mary Hutton, Lucie Johnstone, Mr. Frank Boor, Mr. W. H. Brereton, Mr. Henry Nicholson (flautist); conductors, Mr. Spencer Lorraine (pianist) and Mr. Howard Talbot.

AT the Temperance Hall, on November 27, Sarasate, assisted by Madame Berthe Marx, gave a grand evening concert, under the management of Mr. J. Herbert Marshall. The great performer drew a crowded house, and met with an enthusiastic reception.

AT the Floral Hall, on November 27, 28, and 29, concerts were given by "The Original Blue Hungarian Band," under the leadership of Herr Barcza, and management of Mr. John H. Clarke. The band now numbers fourteen members.

·AT the Royal Opera House a fine series of comic operas have been produced during the month, commencing with Horace Lingard's Company in the new comic opera, "Fauvette" - Principals, Madame Cecile Bentham and Florence Burns, Messrs. Horace Lingard, Harry Child, W. H. Rawlins, and Westlake perty. Odoardo Barri's Gaiety Burlesque Company in "Joan of Arc"—Principals, Mesdames Maud Boyd, Lillian Chester, Florence M'Kenzie, Messrs. Edward Lewis, E. S. Gofton, and powerful chorus. Mr. D'Oyly Carte's successful Opera Company in "The Mikado," "Yeoman of the Guard," "Iolanthe," and the "Gondoliers." Van Biene's Opera Company in " Faust up to Date," with Mesdames Rita pany in "Faust up to Date," with Mesdames Rita Presano, Alice Barnett, Florence Dayne, Messrs. Edmund Payne, Louis Kelleher, George Honey, Henry Fielding, and chorus of fifty. At the Theatre Royal, W. B. Redfarn's Opera Company gave a capital performance of "Dorothy," with Mesdames Mary Webb, Rosamond Tennyson, Messrs. Robert Miles, W. H. Montgomery, and W. P. Dempsey.

MR. J. HERBERT MARSHALL'S Grand Concert Festival Performance of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" takes place at the Temperance Hall on Thursday evening, December 10.

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THE Pictorial Pianoforte Tutor is making great headway among Leicester musicians. Copies of it may be procured from Mr. T. H. Spiers, Professor of Music, 37 Gopsall Street (sole agent for Leicester); also of Frederic Cartwright, bookseller and stationer, 34 Market Place, Leicester.

Music in Berlin.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

E are once more fairly launched in the midst of our concert season. So, in order to make my future notes in the Magazine clear to the reader, I will pave the way in this article by giving an idea of our musical atmosphere.

Our principal resident orchestra is the "Philharan orchestra of a very high order, though very indifferently paid. They give three concerts weekly here-on Sunday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. The Sunday concerts are of a more popular character than the others, and last from 6 till 10 P.M. The Tuesday concerts are often called the Symphonic Concerts, as a symphony is commonly given on that evening. Wednesday is the "Soloisten Abend."

This orchestra, in addition to the above popular

ncerts, gives an extra series of ten concerts, under Hans von Billow. These, as may be supposed, are "the concerts of the season;" for not only does this fine body of performers excel itself when under Bülow's "magic wand," but the finest solists before the public make their appearance at these concerts.

The first of these was given on the 26th October. The programme consisted of three symphonies:z. Symphonie in D dur (major), Haydn.

As Haydn has, however, written several symphonies in D dur, I venture to give the opening theme, after the introductory adagio, where the violins start off :--

3月3月32-1-1J Horn.

Symphonie in G moll (minor), No. 40, 3. Symphonie No. 7, Op. 92,

Needless to say, these beautiful works were well rendered, and in spite of the strain of three symphonies following one after another, one can only speak with unqualified praise of the concert.

The second concert was on the 9th of November, the programme being as follows:-

Schumann. Max Bruch.

. Spohr. . Kobert Radecke. . Raff.

The orchestral performance at this concert was very fine, the new concerto of Bruch's being very interesting; but the performance was not who would have looked for from Joachim. At the rehearsal on the 8th he was suffering from pains in the back, and could hardly stand upright, so one may guess how hard a task he took in hand in order not to disappoint the audience.

We will now turn to the Philharmonischer Chor (Dirigent, Siegfried Ochs). Their first concert took place on 2nd November, when the following programme was given :-

Mozart. Clavier-Coucert,
Lieder: 3 Messensätze,
"Die Walpurgisnacht,"
(Soli, Frl. Cl. Kleeberg, Frl. E. Koch, Herren Eug. Gura,
R. v. Zur-Mühlen.)

The "Ave Verum" was performed in fine style, the voices blending beautifully. The concerto for two pianos was but an ordinary performance. The Messensätze from Bruch are very fine specimens of scholarly work, but their interpretation was an unmitigated failure. The soloists and choir sung badly, and were out of tune. The orchestra played much in the same style, and, in fact, instead of the fine performance one expected, one could only feel strong commiseration for the composer, who was in the hall. The rendering of the "Walpurgisnacht" was a great contrast. Here soloists and choir seemed anxious to outdo each other in their effort to give this beautiful work a worthy rendering. The four remaining concerts of this "Chor" promise to be a perfect mine of wealth, according to their programme.

The "Stern'scher Gesang-Verein" announced their four concerts this winter on the undermentioned dates:-

1. Concert, 19th October 1891, . "Paradies und Peri."
2. ,, 30th November 1891, "Requiem," . Mozart.
3. ,, 1st February 1892, . "Feuerkreuz," . Bruch.
4. ,, 11th April 1892, . "Matthäus-Passion."

As space will allow of only a short notice, I will content myself with saying that conductor, choir, and soloists must all receive a share of well-deserved praise; Sembrich as the "Peri," however, being a contrast to the Sembrich in, for instance, "The Daughter of the Regiment," or other pieces where her wonderful "coloration" powers are brought into play.

I must only touch on the various piano recitals, etc. Prof. Henrich Barth gave an excellent recital in the Hall of the Philharmonic, and though the audience was very cold, the recital was one worthy of the player.

Rubinstein's young pupil, Posnowsky, gave two recitals, and was received very favourably by press and public. There is little doubt that she has a very brilliant future before her.

The Joachim Quartet have already given two performances, which unfortunately I have not space to notice; but next month I hope not only to notice their third and fourth concerts, but also to atone to the reader by offering a photo of this world-famous quartet party.

Pia

spe ver Di

"Königliche Hoch Schule für Musik" here, at one of the "Vortrag Abende," a pupil of Joachim's, a young Hungarian, Lenz, performed the Chaccon of Bach in a way which spoke volumes for his future. He succeeded, in fact, in gaining one half of the Mendelssohn Scholarship offered at the above school, and has been signalled out to play with Joachim in a double concerto of Mozart's, to be given at the "Mozart Feier."

Miss Fanny Davies gave a successful concert with Professor Joachim in the Saal of the above-mentioned school. Before concluding, I will state to the reader that my endeavour will be to give an idea of our doings here in the Berlin musical world; and as so many young players who make their debut to a Berlin public afterwards find their way to London, I shall endeavour as far as possible to keep their names before the readers of the Magazine of Music, who may then find in new arrivals, old familiar names.

Accidentals.

THE Leeds Festival Committee have not succeeded in obtaining a new work from Brahms, and consequently the list of novelties at the coming Festival will be from English pens. The cantata which Mr. F. H. Cowen is writing for the Leeds Festival next year is based upon Wordsworth's "Egyptian Maid." The story is another version of an incident in the legend of King Arthur. The Egyptian Maid is thrown apparently lifeless by the waves upon the Cornish coast. She is brought to King Arthur's Court, and the knights, one after the other, touch her cold hand in the hope of reanimating her. None succeed save Sir Galahad, who, in accordance with the fairy story, marries her. This, unless Sir Arthur Sullivan discovers a subject for the new cantata, will be the only choral novelty of the Festival, but Mr. Cliffe will contribute a symphonic work.

A HIGHLY creditable orchestral concert was given at the Royal College of Music, on Wednesday, November II. Excellent performances were secured of Spohr's "Jessonda" Overture and Beethoven's C minor Symphony, under the direction of Professor Henry Holmes; and both Miss Jessie Grimson and Miss Lilian Wright displayed much promise in Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins.

THE De Reszkes, Madame Albani, and the Sisters Ravogli have now gone to America. There has been a good deal of idle speculation as to the salary the De Reszkes will receive in the New World. I believe Jean will be paid £240 and Edouard £80 per night.

* * *

A SPECIAL fillip was given to the "Royal Divorce" of W. G. Will's, at the Olympic, by the appearance, on November 2, of Hermann Vezin in the character of Napoleon. Thus old times will be revived, for one of the best things Hermann Vezin ever did was the wild and poetic James Harebell in Mr. Will's beautiful play the "Man o' Airlie," a creation thoroughly realised by the actor.

THE Messrs. Hann gave their second chamber concert at the Brixton Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 10. Excellent performances were given, by members of the family, of Haydn's Quartet in G (Op. 76, No. 1), Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, and Schumann's Pianoforte Quintet in E flat; and songs were rendered with much taste by Miss Helen Trust.

MR. PADEREWSKI sailed by a North German Lloyd steamer for the United States early in November, and gave his first concert there at the new Music Hall, New York. The programme consisted of Saint-Saëns' Concerto (No. 4) in G minor, and his own Concerto, a Nocturne, Prelude, Valse, Study, and Ballade (opus numbers, as usual; not given), by Chopin, and Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto. At succeeding concerts Mr. Paderewski played Beethoven's E flat and Rubinstein's D minor Concertos, the last orchestral concert being given on the 21st. His New York recitals are announced for December 2, 17, and 19, and he will likewise give two recitals at Brooklyn early in December.

DR. RICHTER has undertaken to conduct two special concerts to be given by the Cambridge University Musical Society next May. For this occasion Dr. Hubert Parry will compose a new work for soprano soloist, chorus, and orchestra, and will direct it in person.

THE project for holding a Triennial Festival at Cardiff, to which we drew attention several months ago, has now taken shape, and the first Festival will take place on September 20, 21, and 22, next year.

DR. DVORÁK is to teach composition and instrumentation at the American Conservatory, to those pupils sufficiently advanced to be placed under his direction, and he must also annually conduct in New York four concerts by pupils of the Conservatory. He is likewise to give six concerts of his own music every year in the largest cities of the United States, Chicago alone excepted. If he is required to conduct concerts in Chicago during the Exhibition, he is to receive an extra fee, but otherwise the whole proceeds of his concerts are to go to the Conservatory. He is to have £3000 a year.

DR. DVORÁK bars amateurs. He will teach professional pupils, but he agrees with Rubinstein that it is a waste of time to train amateurs. Dvorák is now teaching at the Conservatory at Prague, where he has eight pupils. Two of them are very promising. "One," says Dvorák, "is a genius. His name is Joseph Zuch. He is only seventeen years of age, and yet writes masterly symphonies: his chamber music is something wonderful." Dvorák states that while in New York, if any good American libretto were offered him, he would certainly compose the music to it. He said: "I will even compose the music for an opera dealing with Indian legends."

THE berths of organist of two of the Chapels Royal are now vacant. Mr. C. S. Jekyll has resigned his post at St. James's Palace, and Mr. H. F. Frost has also resigned his position at the Savoy, ov press of more important duties. Mr. Jekyll was born at Westminster in 1842, and was a chorister at Westminster Abbey under Turle. He also studied under Mr. James Coward and Sir G. A. Macfarren. He gained his first post when he was fifteen at St. Paul's (temporary) church, Knightsbridge. He was assistant-organist at Westminster Abbey for fifteen years, i.e. from 1860 down to the time when he succeeded George Cooper at the Chapel Royal. Apart from some part and other songs, Mr. Jekyll's compositions have been almost exclusively for the church, and some of his anthems have achieved great popularity. Mr. H. F. Frost has been organist of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, for upwards of a quarter of a century, and he has written for that church a quantity of service music. Mr. Frost has, however, of recent years, chiefly distinguished himself as a musical critic.

WE desire to call the attention of our readers to the proposed issue, on December 1, of a special Mozart Centenary supplement to the *Musical Times* for that month. It will consist of thirty-two pages, and contain, besides a biographical sketch of the master, and a paper on his genius and works, a number of interesting extracts from a variety of sources with reference to his qualities and the circumstances of his career. A considerable number of illustrations including many portraits, and views of places made memorable by association with the great musician, will be given "in the text." There will also be a special portrait of Mozart by Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A.

THE eighth series of the Hampstead Popular Concerts of chamber music will take place at the Vestry Hall, Haverstock Hill, on December 11th, January 29th, and February 12th and 26th. Among the artists engaged are Herr Joachim, Herr Ludwig, Mr. Gompertz, Miss Fanny Davies, Miss Ilona Eibenschütz, Mdlle. Kleeberg, Mr. Leonard Borwick, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, and Miss Marguerite Hall.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. have just published a new and revised edition of "The Law of Musical and Dramatic Copyright," by Edward Cutler (one of Her Majesty's counsel), Thomas Eustace Smith, and Frederick E. Weatherly, barrister-at-law. In this edition the cases of Moul v. Grönings, Fishburn v. Hollingshead, and the other most recent decisions on the retrospective operation of the Berne Convention are discussed; it also contains the text of the American statute of 1891, an explanation of the questions arising upon it, and a general view of the United States law bearing on the subject.

THE death is announced at Liverpool of Mr. William Santley, father of the eminent artist. Mr. Santley had attained the age of eighty-two, and had lived his whole life in Liverpool, where he occupied a respected position as a teacher of the pianoforte and singing.

THERE was an immense attendance at the Royal Society of Musicians' performance of "The Messiah" on Wednesday, November 11th, in Westminster Abbey. Due justice was, of course, rendered to the solos by such artists as Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Barton M'Guckin, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Santley, but the choir was not so efficient as it should have been. Prof. Bridge conducted.

On November 3rd Mr. C. Stewart Macpherson gave a very successful pianoforte recital at the Princes' Hall, his programme containing Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata, a Sonata in E flat for piano and violin from his own pen, and five numbers from Mr. Erskine Allon's set of pieces called "The Months," Mr. Charles Griffiths was the violinist, and Miss Helen Saunders the vocalist.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER & Co. have issued an octavo vocal score of compositions by Mozart suitable for performance on the approaching centenary of the composer's death. This useful volume contains the "Requiem," the motet "Splendente Te, Deus," the "Ave Verum," and selections from "Idomeneo," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "Die Zauberflöte."

Messrs. Paterson & Sons, of Edinburgh, have made concert arrangements on a greatly extended scale for the coming season. Besides special performances with distinguished artists during the present and following months, they have arranged for a series of six orchestral concerts under the direction of Mr. Manns, with an increased orchestra of fully eighty performers. The dates of the latter are December 14th and 21st, and January 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th.

MR. H. H. STATHAM has been collecting and revising his various papers on musical topics, contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* and other periodicals, which, with some new matter, will be shortly published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, under the title "My Thoughts on Music and Musicians."

THE Musical Guild announces two chamber concerts at the Kensington Town Hall, to take place on December 1st and 15th. Among the more rarely heard works in the list of those to be performed are Mendelssohn's Octet; Brahms' Quintet in F (Op. 88); and Rheinberger's Nonet for strings and wind.

It is well known that the version of Schumann's D minor Symphony now performed differs from the original as regards the orchestration. The composer's first MS. has been examined by Herr Brahms and Herr Wullner, and it is pronounced superior to that with which musicians are familiar. It is therefore to be published, and we may expect shortly to hear it in performance, probably at the Crystal Palace, where Schumann's music was first popularised in this country.

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Edinburgh Rotes.

OVEMBER has been a very busy month in musical circles in Edinburgh. All the choral and orchestral societies are now in full rehearsal, and as each year seems to bring a fresh crop of organisations devoted in some way or other to the musical art, the season of 1891-92 will probably be remembered as one of exceptional activity. Already we have had quite a cluster of first-class concerts, and before the close of the year the most ardent concert-goer, who has not hesitated to part with a considerable number of coins of the realm, will almost perforce be impelled to cry "enough!"

Sarasate was with us on the 31st October, and played as only Sarasate can play. The audience fairly packed the Music Hall, and the enthusiasm was something to remember. I will venture to say that never before has Sarasate more completely captivated and charmed an audience than on this The great violinist simply surpassed himself, and when the end of the programme was reached there seemed to be but one feeling in the hall—that the recital had been all too brief. So reluctant were his admirers to take their departure, that even after many of the audience had left, the Senor, with his customary good-nature, came back and delighted those remaining with another extra. Madame Bertha Marx shared in the honours of what was, out of all question, a genuine artistic triumph. Messrs. Paterson & Sons managed the concert in their usual business-like fashion.

Immediately following Sarasate came a recital of more than ordinary interest. The performers, though almost unknown to Edinburgh audiences, were all of the first rank. The name of Popper is so closely associated with compositions for the 'cello that his fame as a player may be said to be lost sight of, and certainly with Piatti still to the front it was something new to learn that Herr Popper was the "greatest" of all living 'cellists. Be this as it may, however, Herr Popper is indubitably a consummate master of instrument, and his playing gave unqualified delight to a somewhat sparse audience. The occasion, too, was extremely interesting to many present who were perfectly familiar with the majority of Herr Popper's works, and whose admiration was based rather on his reputation as a composer than that of a performer. Coming so soon after Sarasate, Senor Arbos (violinist) could scarcely be expected to achieve the same amount of success as his distinguished fellow-countryman. But, nevertheless, he approved himself a violinist of great ability, and his reception was highly flattering—a fact that bespeaks a cordial welcome when he next visits Edinburgh. Senor Albeniz (piano) also made his first appearance here, and before many bars of his opening number had been played he was wholly in touch with his audience, who were not slow to recognise in him a player possessed of all the qualities that belong to the very few who come within the "inner circle" of great virtuosi. Messrs. Methven & Simpson were responsible for the arrangements.

The craze among ladies to try and win distinction as platform elocutionists seems to be almost as prevalent and infectious as the influenza. already had three seekers after fame in this direction, giving recitals, although the season for such entertainments has scarcely more than opened. ladies all follow closely in the footsteps of Miss Adelaide Detchon—but, it must be added, a very long way after. Miss Jennie M'Garry, who appeared here several times last month, was only moderately successful. Like all these lady reciters she told simple little stories, some of them pretty enough, very nicely; but when she essayed to recite any piece calling for anything like dramatic force, the effort deteriorated, as it almost invariably does in such cases, into sheer namby-pambyism. Miss Madeline Row sell was, on the whole, a more attractive exponent of the elocutionary art. She has youth, an engaging presence, and a freedom from affectation to recommend her; and, after all, these are distinct advantages in the modern lady reciter. The musical items of these entertainments do not call for serious notice.

Music in Australia.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.]

:0:-

SYDNEY.

T the fourth concert of the present season, given by the Sydney Liedertafel on September 15th, the Biblical scene of Wagner, "Das Liebesmahl der Apostel," was performed for the first time in Sydney. This attempt to render an exceedingly difficult work was a severe strain upon the resources of the society, neither the chorus nor the orchestra being numerically strong enough. Too much praise cannot, however, be given to the conductor, Mr. J. A. Delaney, for the care which had been bestowed upon the rehearsal of the work which was so courageously undertaken, and for the degree of success which was achieved in the actual Miss Lalla Miranda, a light soprano rmance. vocalist from Melbourne, made a very successful first appearance in Sydney at this concert.

On September 22nd, the Philharmonic Society gave a very successful performance of Costa's "Eli, a work which was rather a favourite in Sydney some ten or twelve years ago. There was a chorus and orchestra of about four hundred performers, the latter being under the leadership of Mr. H. H. Rice. solos were efficiently rendered by Miss Bertha Rossow (Hannah), Mrs. Vanderveer Green (Samuel), Mr. Charles Turner (Elkanah and the Philistine Chief), Mr. F. J. Hallewell (Eli), and Mr. A. S. Deane (The Man of God). M. Aug. Wiegand, the city organist, presided at the grand organ, and Signor Roberto Hazon conducted. The choruses were excellently rendered, and indeed the work throughout was performed in a most satisfactory manner. A repetition of the oratorio two days later than the date first mentioned was not quite so largely attended as the first performance.

Invitation pianoforte recitals have been given by Benham at the Centenary Hall, and Miss Apolline Niay at the Broadwood Rooms, which have just been opened here. Miss Benham, who studied under Professor Door at the Vienna Conservatoire, is a recent arrival in Sydney. Miss Niay, who was an exhibitioner of the R.C.M., appeared here first some months ago in conjunction with the Misses Albu.

MELBOURNE.

Since the departure of Sir Charles and Lady Hallé there have been few concerts of artistic importance, and the musical doings of the past month may be recorded in a few lines. M. August Wiegand, the recently appointed city organist at Sydney, N. S. W., gave three recitals on our Town Hall Organ. M. Wiegand showed that he had remarkable technical acquirements in Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, and two of Mendelssohn's Sonatas, but his programmes were rendered wearisome to musicians by the preponderance of light music and transcriptions.

The South Yarra Musical Society, at their concert, sang Adolf Jensen's charming little cantata "The Feast of Adonis," and a goodly selection of part songs by modern English writers; Mr. T. J. Ham mond conducting. Signorina Alice Rebottaro and Signor Attlio Buzzi sang, and Mr. Alberto Zelman, a youthful violinist, son of a prominent local musician, earned great applause for his playing of pieces by Vieuxtemps, Raff, and Alard.

At the Alexandra Theatre the Simonsen Italian Opera Company have had fluctuating fortunes. Something like a furore has been caused by Signor Nunzio Melossis' really admirable performances in "Rigoletto;" and Signora Cuttica, a very pleasing light soprano, has drawn good houses in "Lucia." On the other hand, "Les Huguenots," which was too much for the company's resources, and "Norma," which is rather out of date, were almost failures. In the latter operas, Signora Gabriella Bœma, resident teacher of singing, was pressed into the service, to take the place of Signora Guidotti, who was incapacitated through hoarseness.

Datents.

HIS list is specially compiled for the Magazine of Music by Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had. gratuitously.

17,362. Improvements in pianofortes. Giovanni Patricchio, 46 Lincoln's Inn Fields, Lon-don. October 12th.

17,476. A new or improved method for facilitating the teaching of the pianoforte. Anne Marriott Watson, 37 Chancery Lane, London. October 13th.

17,563. Improved attachment for the pegs of violins and other stringed instruments. James Hy. Ward, 28 Hatton Garden, London. October 14th.

17.728. Improvements in the manufacture of bent tubes or bows for cornets and other wind musical instruments, and in apparatus for use in the manufacture. David James Blaikley, 77 Southampton Buildings, London. October 16th.

17,892. Keyed instruments. Reginald Wm. James, 4 Queen Victoria Street, London (Annie Dixon, Canada). October 19th.

17,999. Improvements relating to music stools.

Edmund Hy. Gigney, 20 High Holborn,
London. October 20th.

18,028. Improvements in stringed instruments
(musical). Henry David Herring, 178
Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Salford.
October 21st. October 21st.

18,073. Improvements in or appertaining to organs and like musical instruments. Robert Hope Jones, 6 Lord Street, Liverpool. October 21st.

18, 373. Improvements in pneumatic actions for organs. George Arthur Wales Beard, 26 Castle Street, Liverpool. October 26th.
18,493. An improved guide for the wrists of pianoforte players. Marion Spencer Arden, 45 Southampton Buildings, London. October 27th.

18,885. Appliance to be fitted to keyboard instruments, to facilitate the reading, writing, learning, and transposition of music, and for use with other musical instruments with like objects. Joseph Grave, York Cottage, Epsom. November 2nd.

 19,048. Improvements in pneumatic stop valves for musical instruments. Adolf Richter, 33 Chancery Lane, London. November 4th. SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

19,416. Herrburger, piano actions, 1890, 15,768. Stanley, securing music, etc., leaves, 1890,

20,871. Ehrlich, organs, 1890, 15,221. Subers & Coughlin, pianos, 1891, The above Specifications Published may be had of Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., at

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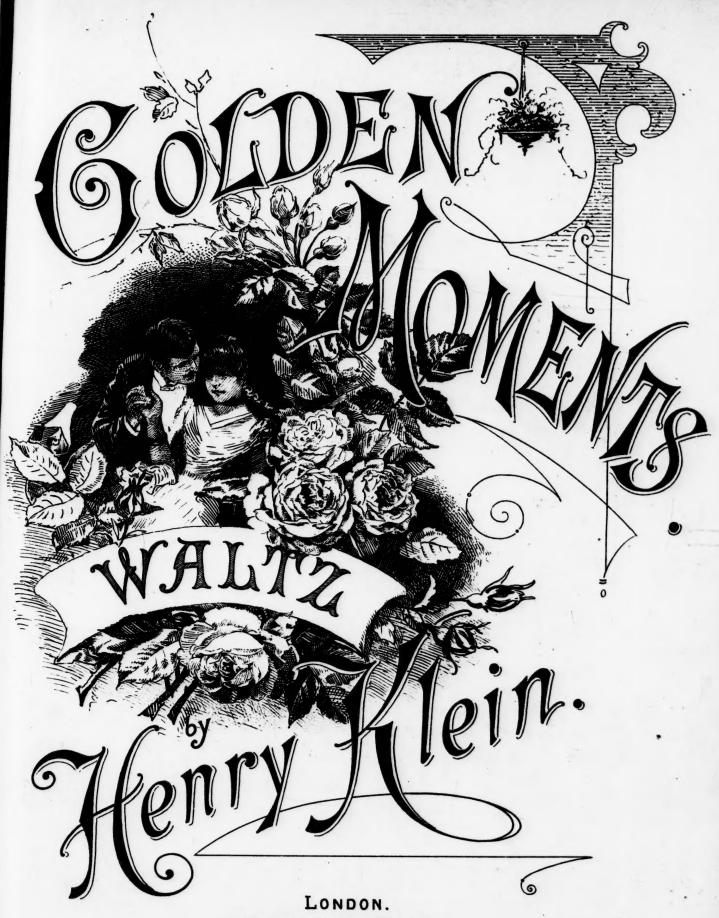
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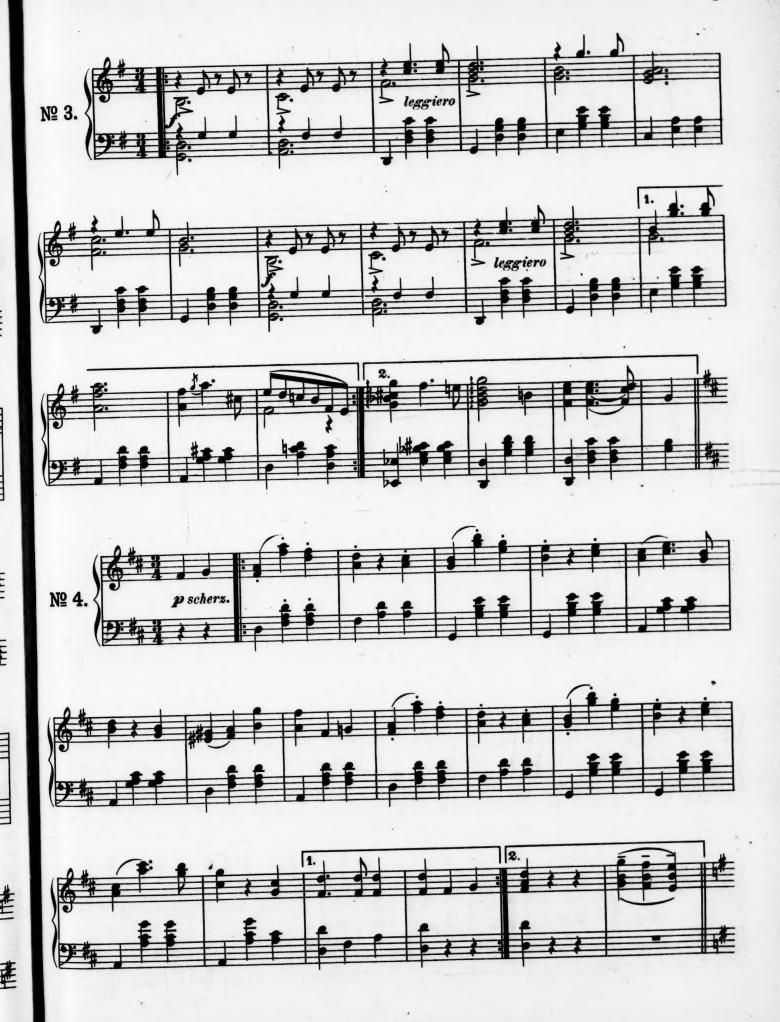
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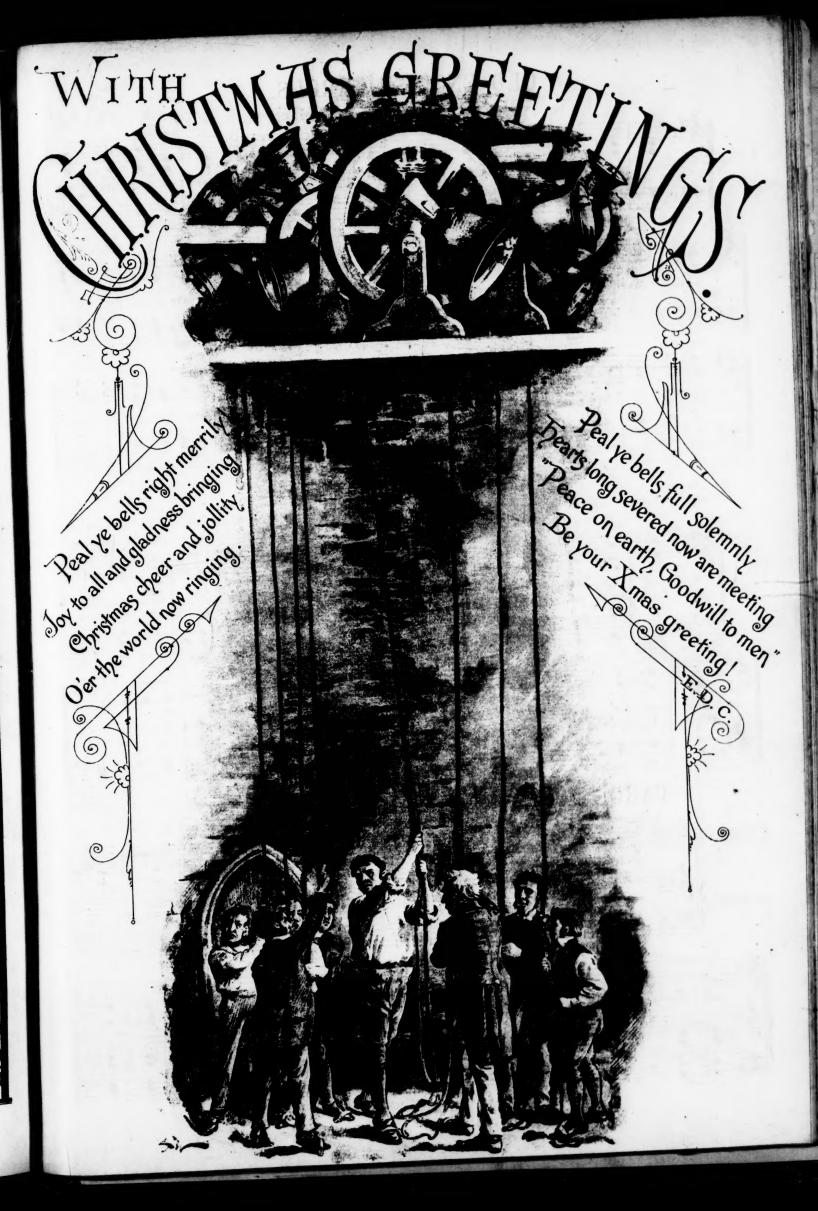
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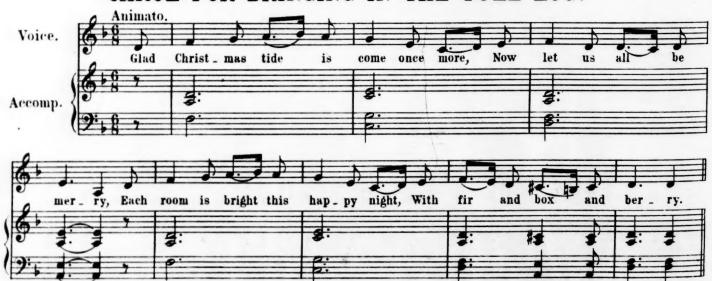
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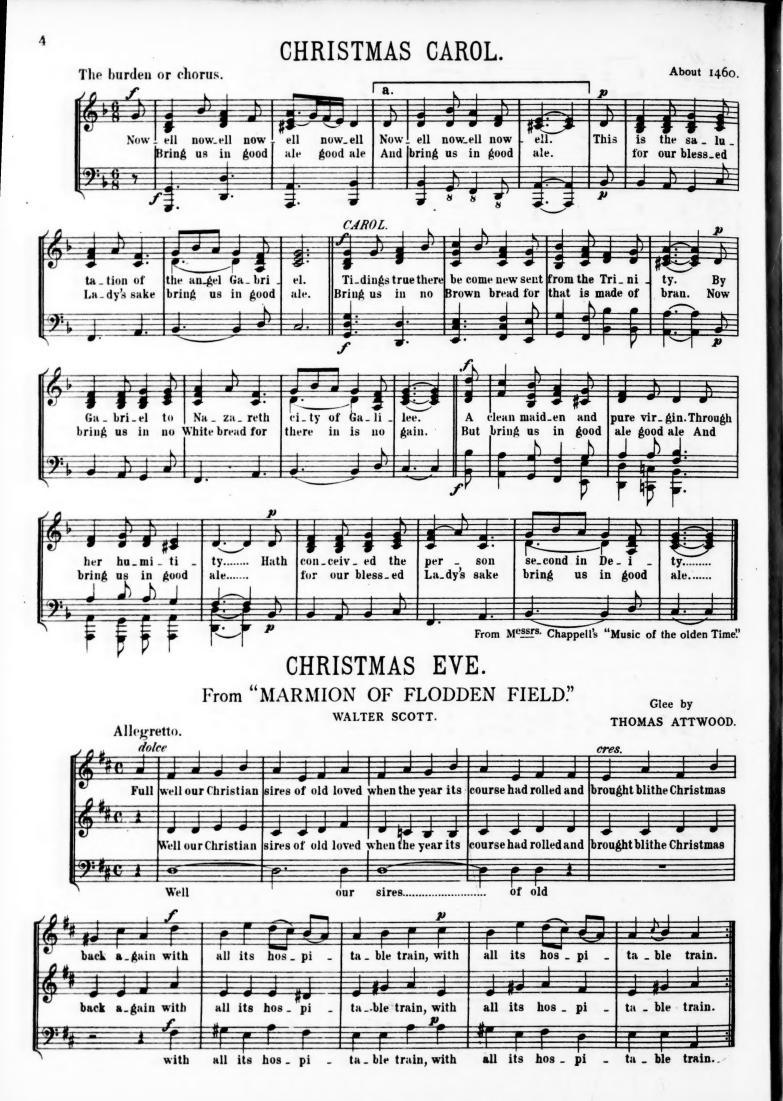






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English Words by M. C. Allegro. plein d'a D'un DIEU Chan - tons les lou an mour lov _ ing prai _ of GOD us sing the ses a mi _ tons les an ges Dans ungrand jour Im _ i _ the gels on this fes _ tive day Et dans nos leurs trom . pet tes Mé - lons nos haut bois. With their..... trum _ pets Let us join haut boys And in home and Di . sons mil . le fois JÉ . SUS JÉ . SUS né est né Cieux tai . tes est Say a thou_sand JE _ SUS Oh times JE_SUS is born born field say, l'ai . mab . le Sau quel Gloire à veur. bon heur Glo Sa .. viour hap _ py day ry to our dear. Allegro moderato. let . Etet ber - cail hou et Quit trz pas tours crook..... fold and shep - herd's And Leave your pas tures and Sele Etle soin dutrou peaus chez vos ha mean. Weep, the ham let And all the care of flocks weep no fai -- te. Al lez tous a do tre joie est pleurs 20 par your Come us all for joy is com plete..... more, 0. Le DIEU Le DIEU qui vient vous - ler. rer GOD Our GOD who comes to com .. fort us. dore our

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

CHRISTMAS

1891

NUMBER.

An Anonymous Rabbit.

A FARCE BY FELIX REMO.

MR. EUCLID SOLFA SWEEPEY. CAROLUS O'LARK. DEBORAH, Euclid's Wife. BIDDY, an Irish Servant.

(The action takes place at Euclid's house at Cork.)

[A sitting-room. A window and a door at right and left. Centre door at back. Left centre, an ottoman with movable lid, the inside being empty. A table.]

EUCLID discovered at left window, DEBORAH at right window.

Deborah. What are you watching with such interest?

Euclid. I am watching to ascertain that we are not watched. And you?

Deborah. Oh! I'm only looking at those men

drilling over there.

Euclid. How childish! Always looking at soldiers, like a lodging-house servant. scarlet fever!

Deborah. They are not soldiers, they are sailors.

Euclid. A fit of the blues, then. A fit that doesn't fit you at all at your age, my dear Deborah.

Deborah. Not more childish than your endless fears. What on earth can you be afraid

Euclid. Mrs. Sweepey, do not forget that we are in Ireland, and though I do not meddle with politics, I bear such a likeness to the Secretary for Ireland that I don't feel safe here. Not later than yesterday I went to a party where I was offered a glass of whisky, and some one poured something in it which began to effervesce to such an alarming extent that, had I not quickly thrown the contents away, I am sure it would have exploded in my face, or in my inside, if I had had the imprudence to drink it.

Deborah. Stupid! it was soda water.

Euclid. Well, why didn't they say so at once? But as I did not ask for it, it looked suspicious to me.

Deborah. If the slightest thing is going to frighten you so, I wonder why you have come to Ireland at all.

Euclid. True, but my poor cantata, composed twenty years ago, and not performed yet! I vainly tried all the towns of England in rotation, and on hearing of a possible chance in the country of the harp of Erin, my conscience prompted me not to leave that stone unturned, and I fled to that land of hope, disregarding danger.

Deborah. You might as well have waited another twenty years, for nobody will ever play your geometrical music.

Euclid. Deborah, that allusion to my name

of Euclid is in very bad taste. That is not at all the reason. Though this is my only work, it is generally considered a masterpiece, at least by me. And the great Tromboniccini told me the truth: "They won't play it-out of jealousy. The only thing you want to be a great man, and to be performed everywhere-is to die. Do it, and you will at once become

Deborah. Then you have come to the right place after all. Suppose they blow you up, you will at once become celebrated.

(Violent ring heard. Euclid starts. The bell goes on ringing.)

Euclid. Oh! that sudden bell . . . when speaking of blowing up! Halloo, won't it leave off? What can it be? . . . (Rushes to window and looks out.) And nobody at the door . . . (Coming down, with a shudder.) I'll leave the place to-morrow (bell ceases), it must be haunted. I feel ghosts about me everywhere I go. . .

Enter BIDDY, carrying a rabbit that she holds

Euclid. Well, Biddy, what is it? Who rang

Biddy. It's a rabbit, sor, and an iligant one

Euclid. You don't say so! What an extraordinary rabbit! Did he give his card?

Biddy. No, sor; he was hanging on the door hell.

Euclid. By the teeth?

Biddy. No, sor; he's not aloive; by a string.

Euclid (to Deborah). Deborah, I'm not superstitious, but the idea of the animal coming to commit suicide by hanging himself at my door is simply ominous.

Deborah (shrugging her shoulders). Some joke very likely. Some one knowing your timidity, and making fun of you.

Biddy. It must be a present for you, sor. Euclid. A present! From whom?

Biddy (looking at rabbit and turning it

round). Do' know, sor; it's not soigned, sor. Euclid. Have you any idea who brought it? Biddy. No, sor. Very loikely the party that made the present wanted to remain unknown

. . for you to guess perhaps. Euclid (sneeringly). A present, pshaw! it's snare . . . (To Biddy) . . . Is it loaded.
Biddy (looking at rabbit, amazed). Loaded!

stuffed you mane?

Euclid. Yes, stuffed . . . with dynamite. Mind not to drop it; it might explode.

Biddy (frightened, drops it). Ah!

Euclid (aside). It did not explode, then it must be poisoned. We shall see. . . (Aloud) Bite a bit of it.

Biddy. Raw!

Euclid. The best way to taste if it's poisomean if it's an Ostend or a Welsh rabbit.

Biddy. Nothing of them koind, sor; you can see by the look of it that he is Hoirish. . .

Euclid (growing impatient). Oh! get away with it; throw it in the dust-bin.

Biddy. At least, sor, it proves that ye are not boycotted.

Euclid (aside). How provokingly she speaks the language of the situation !

BIDDY picks up rabbit; patting it and speaking as she goes. Ye in the dustbin, my poor innocent little lamb! No Begora! I'll make comfortable room for you here (slaps her stomach).

(Exit at back. Night comes gradually.) Euclid. Look here, my dear; I can't make out your indifference.

Deborah. And I your silliness. The girl is right, it must be some present. (She lights a lamp while he speaks.)

Euclid. An anonymous one, then. Pshaw! Those who send presents take good care to let you know where they come from; they make the most of it. And as one has never seen rabbits fly from their shop to come and make a present of themselves by hanging on a bell. I conclude that there is something in it.

Enter BIDDY excited, carrying rabbit in one hand and a light in the other.

Biddy. Sor, sor . . . ye were roight. Euclid (alarmed). Well, has it exploded? Biddy. No, sor; but it was loaded indeed. Euclid. Loaded? I knew it! Don't go near with the light, and call the police at once.

Biddy. If I was you, sor, I wouldn't put a policeman in it, sor.

Euclid. In it? in what it? in the rabbit?

Biddy. No, sor, in the confidence.

Euclid. What confidence? Has he made a confidante of you?

Biddy. Yes, sor, here it is. (Holds out a piece of paper folded.)

Euclid. What's that?

Biddy. It's a love letter.

Euclid. Quick, explain. What has the animal to do with it?

Biddy. To do with it, sor? everything.

Euclid. You don't mean to say he wrote a love letter?

Biddy (laughing). No, sir. . . He was simply the carrier.

Euclid. I didn't see that he carried anything when you brought it in.

Biddy. He did, sor; but he is a hartful thing, sor; he carried it inside, sor.

Euclid. How?

Biddy. In his stomach, sor.

Euclid. I think the girl is making fun of me after all. Come, Biddy, tell me the whole truth, for I am not going to swallow that.

Biddy. Not ye, sor, but he (pointing to rabbit) very loikely did. And sure, sor, he

Euclid (taking letter and reading). "I wroite you in hope that you have remarked my love, that I throws away upon you by gesture, iver since you jest come into yer house."

Biddy. That's what I calls love drilling.

Euclid. "Perhaps you loves me as well, and if you does be koind on a conflagrated lover, and let me come and jest take you in my arms,

full of fire."

Biddy. Oh! firearms; I won't let him. Euclid. "When the old . . ." What? "Monkey is out . . ." No, it can't be monkey, it doesn't look so.

Biddy (looking at letter). No, sor, it isn't monkey. .

Euclid. I thought so. Biddy. It's donkey.



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Euclid. Get out, you. (Aside) Does he mean me? (Reading) "If you jest pull the roight curtain and have the bloind half-way down, I'll understand that I can spake to you in the proivacy of our love, that I subscribe moiself under your window,-Yours rabbitfully, CARO-LUS O'LARK."

Biddy. Yours rabbitfully! true, the rabbit was full.

Deborah (aside). Oh, the nice young man! Biddy. Oh, that's what I calls wroiting the

Queen's English. Enclid (aside). Everything explains itself (Aloud) Biddy, go; clearly enough now. there's sixpence for you, for the discovery

Biddy. Thank you, sor. (Aside) Oi'll invest it at once in two threepenny jin's cold.

(Exit at back.)

Euclid to Deborah. So, madam, the mystery has exploded after all. Now I understand why you are always looking at soldiers at your

Deborah. A woman is never too old to be made love to.

Euclid. That may be the women's opinion. Ask men. .

Deborah (alluding to letter). You see a proof.

Euclid. Yes, a proof of your very foolish infatuation.

Deborah. Euclid, do you believe that I encouraged that man

Euclid. You pretend you didn't know anything about that. Your coolness and unconcern in this rabbit business tells me more than I want to know. (Sneeringly) Don't you want to return the politeness, and send him in answer some other stuffed animal . . . (with a furious look in his face) as long as it's not a monkey or a donkey.

Deborah (shrugging her shoulders). Oh! . . you are making a fool of yourself; I can't stand it any longer. (Exit right.)

Euclid. Am 1? . . . I'll leave Ireland tomorrow. . . . But in the meantime the donkey will have the satisfaction of kicking that puppy. . I'll know the truth. I'll know to what extent flirtation has been going on. . . . Let's warn a policeman first, then lay the trap-that is, give the signal; and I to watch and reveal myself like the guardian angel of serene morality at the critical moment (going to window). There's a soldier in the faint light of the lamp. He is watching this window. Oh, dear, what a powerfully built fellow! One policeman will never do. He looks like the strongest man on earth. I'll ask for a brigade. (He hurriedly takes a hat on table and puts it on his head, perceives it is his wife's, throws it down, takes his own and exit, back.)

Enter DEBORAH cautiously.

Deborah. He is gone (rushes to window). Yes, there he is . . . really gone . . . and, there, by the lamp-post, that soldier-ah! (putting a hand on her heart and coming down). my poor old heart! . . . Is it really possible that that man fell in love with me? I must ascertain that (catching herself up). Oh! only to scold him if he did. . fellow! what's the harm after all, if I please him; it's no fault of mine, I didn't give him any encouragement. Let's try, if it's only to put an end to it, when he knows I am married. (Goes to window and gives the signal.) There ! (quickly retreating without looking outside), I feel half ashamed. . . . (Listening) Footsteps, . . . it's my husband! Already back! and no time to replace the curtains. I must rush away. (Exit quickly.)

Enter EUCLID.

Euclid. Speak of the Irish police! what

called me a confounded Englishman. I said I was Irish, and one of them replied, "You may be Irish, but you are not Oirish; catch me collaring one of my countrymen to please you.' He laughed in my face, and then went on: "We've enough to do without busying ourselves with married people's squabbles. They would have to double the force if we did;" and he turned his back on me, iligantly, as they say. Very well then, I'll do the job myself. Now for the signal (goes half-way to window). Halloo, it's given already. That means business. My wife has made the best of my absence; it proves she is in earnest. All right, I'll catch them. Let's see, what's the best way to appear not to be in the way? . . . Oh! I have it; the ottoman. (Lifts up the lid of the ottoman.) I shall be very comfortable there. But that Hercules may have the bad taste to defend himself. I must be prepared for something heroic. (Takes down from a panoply on the wall some swords and guns, and puts them in ottoman.) That will be enough, I daresay. . Ah! the poker (goes and fetches poker). very good thing in its way. I could kill a whole regiment with it, if they would only lend themselves to it (puts it in ottoman). Now to hide my hat, to let them believe that I have not come back, and they are alone (puts it under a table); and let us turn the light down it's propitious to love and espionage. (Turns the light down very low.) Now the stage is ready for the drama that's going to be performed. Ireland is the land of the drama, of tragic surprises; I'll be up to her. The battlefield is ready, I feel like a moonlighter. . . . Hush! . . a noise on the stairs; . . . here they come. Quick, to my post (hides in ottoman and lets the

Enter BIDDY, carefully looking first if there is nobody in the room. CAROLUS follows.

Biddy. The coast is clear.

Carolus (pointing to window). There, my dear, you see the signal.

Biddy (surprised). True . . . (To herself) It must be by chance.

Carolus. That's why Oi insisted to come in this here room to show you that Oi was given permission to come. So be aisy, darlint.

Biddy. But why didn't you say in your letter that it was you, and that we together had met so often, and that you spake with your oies; on which message Oi answered moine in the same

Carolus. Arrah! she loves me. Biddy, yer are an angel. We are two, I mean we two are one now; come to my arms, and be my little wifey. (Opens arms)

Biddy. Carolus, yer are a gintleman. (Falls in his arms, he kisses her and, drawing her with him, they dance round the room.)

Euclid (slightly lifting up the lid of the ottoman). What's going on, I wonder? . . . Oh! they dance. (Disappears.)

Biddy. Stop! . . . don't you smell something?

Carolus. What? a rat?

Biddy. No, the rabbit burning. I forgot I put it down to the fire. Don't move, Oi'll be back in a twinkling. (Rushes off.)

Carolus. Oh! Oi'm not in a 'urry. As long as the ould man is entoirely out, I don't moind waiting here.

Euclid (lifting up lid a little way). I can't hear a word in that stuffed box. (Disappears.)

Carolus. What say? . . . (a pause). Oh! I thought I'd heard a noise. Must be outside. Enter DEBORAH, with dress a little short, naked arms, hair curled on forehead, etc.

Deborah (aside). I feel so shy; . . . just as I was at sixteen, and my heart's going pit-a-pat

the naughty, naughty, naughty boy. (She speaks in a childish way, scolding him, shaking her finger at him.)
Carolus. You've not been long. The fire

was too fierce, I suppose.

Deborah. How can you speak like that? the fire is on your side.

Carolus (laughing coarsely). Ho! ho! ho!

.. she is funny; I say, girl. . . .

Deborah (flattered). He's called me a girl! (To Carolus) Now, look here, dear; I want to have a little conversation with you.

Carolus. And I a long one. I'll stay here all noight.

Deborah. Oh!

Euclid (who has lifted lid). The monster! and my wife's voice. . .

Carolus. I feel jolly with you, let's have another turn round the room. (They dance again.)

Deborah. Ah! . . . Ah! . . . Stop! . . . I can't. . . . (He stops, she falls giddy in his arms, he kisses her, she shrieks, and runs away by door at right.)

Euclid (who has lifted gradually up the lid more and more). It's getting warm. I distinctly heard a kiss (picking up poker). I think it's time to make use of fire-arms.

Re-enter DEBORAH from right, followed by CAROLUS. She runs across the stage to door left, and exit, CAROLUS following closely. EUCLID, without leaving ottoman, stands up and gives CAROLUS a great blow with poker, but misses him CAROLUS having disappeared—and he only strikes the wall.

Euclid. Shall I follow? (Great noise outside of furniture upset.) Hush! they are fighting. Re-enter DEBORAH, running, and disappearing by door right just as CAROLUS follows. BIDDY enters centre door, and coming

down, falls into the arms of CAROLUS, who catches hold of her.

Carolus. Ah! I hold you now. What was the matter?

Biddy. Nothing. A little too much fire; I had to run to put it down, but it's all right now. Carolus. You are a funny girl. Shall we make our arrangements?

Biddy. Yes, by all means.

Euclid. What am I going to hear? (Lets the lid down, only keeping it ajar to be able to

Carolus. Let's sit down, darlint. (They go to ottoman and sit down on it, the lid closing with a noise.) But first of all you must give me a kiss for having run away.

Biddy. What cheek! (withdrawing to prevent him).

Carolus. I don't mind the two! (Takes her in his arms, she only resists slightly, he hisses her several times; suddenly they are both thrown

back by Euclid lifting up the lid abruptly.)
Euclid (starting up). I don't know what is going on over me, but I can't stand it any longer.

Biddy. Och, Master! (Rushes away at back.) Euclid. Now to confound them (goes to lamp and turns light up. Carolus' cap, on his falling backward, has rolled under the table; Carolus looks after it, and picks up Euclid's one instead, by mistake. At this moment Euclid turns the light up, and, sharply turning round bursts out laughing, on seeing the tall soldier in a scarlet coat, with a chimney-pot hat).

Carolus. What d'ye laugh at, you insulting spalpeen?

Euclid (going to ottoman and taking arms). Ah! you are a sight indeed.

Carolus. Oh! was it you that was in that there machine? . . . (bringing fists forward as humbugs! None of 'em would come. They (coming down to Carolus). Ah, there he is, if to fight). I'm going to make you pay for it.

What! fire-arms! . . . You can't foight like a gintleman . . . you want to murther me. . . . Begora! Oil moike it hot for ye. . . . (advances threateningly).

Euclid (drawing back). Promise to give her up, and I let you go.

Carolus. Give her up? I want to marry her.

Euclid. But she is already my wife.

Carolus. Then I'll elope with her. Euclid. Elope with my wife? I'll have you arrested, imprisoned first. Do you know who

Carolus. Blow me if I do, or if I care!

Euclid. Well, you ought to. I am a celebrated composer, sir.

Carolus. Oh! is it you who composed "Home, sweet Home" and "Kathleen Mavourneen "?

Euclid. No, sir; I have written a cantata.

Carolus. Never heard of any music of them koind.

Euclid. You can't have heard it, as it has never been played; but wait twenty years, and you will see

Carolus. What's all that rubbish he says? Euclid. Learn, sir, that my name is Euclid

Solfa Sweepey.

Carolus. I knows a sweepy in the mews over the way, but he has never fallen so low yet as to commit a canteen.

Euclid. Not teen, sir : tata.

Carolus. Ta-ta, if you like; good-bye (waving his hand).

Euclid. I tell you a cantata.

Carolus. All he could do to oblige you is to sweep it if its sooty. I mean suitable.

Euclid. Enough, sir; leave this house, or I'll use my influence as a well-known man to have you locked up.

Carolus. You! I'll use moine to rescue your woife from such a fool as you are.

DEBORAH appears at door, right, uneasy. Euclid. My wife is too sensible not to have

you thrown out of the window. Carolus. No she won't; she loikes me too well for that.

Euclid (perceiving Deborah). There, madam,

come forward and choose between us two. DEBORAH comes down.

Carolus. Is that thing your woife? Deborah (indignant). That thing!

Euclid. Yes, sir; you know it very well.

Carolus. Oh! but there's a mistake somewhere. I beg pardon. . . . (To Deborah) I meant your daughter or your granddaughter.

Deborah (half fainting). Oh! . . . oh! . . the villain!

Euclid (aside). I am avenged. . . . The lesson is rather hard on my poor wife, but I hope she will be cured forever of red coats. (Rings bell. Biddy enters.) Do you know that man? Biddy. Yes, sir; it's my sweetheart.

Carolus. Ah! my Biddy!

Euclid. All right, take her; we don't want her any more, as we are leaving to-morrow.

Biddy. Bedad! . . . (To Carolus) Do you smell anything?

Carolus. Smell agin . . . Biddy; your nose is always on the move.

Biddy. Booby! Don't you smell that the rabbit is ready? Come on, let's eat it warm.

Euclid (stopping Carolus, who is about going). By the way, why did you send your message in

Carolus. Because I knew you would give it to the cook to have it dished up, and she couldn't fail to discover it without giving rise

Euclid. Not bad. A safe way of registering letters to recommend to lovers who can afford An Anonymous Rabbit.

Brownie's begacy.

CHAPTER I.

TAY a moment, Grace; is it not a pretty picture?" And Mr. Melville, laying his hand on the velvet portière, paused before entering the nursery.

The flickering firelight was chasing the November gloom, casting a cheery light on the crimson walls, gambolling with the rocking-horse and the white kitten, and lingering on the dark curls of a white-robed child, as she stood on the hearthrug balancing in her small hands an old brown violin.

"Robert, don't be absurd! We have no time to waste. Brownie, we have come to see your new treasure," said Mrs. Melville, as she came forward to meet the child.

"O mother! it is a beauty!"

"Perhaps," said the lady drily. "I am not a connoisseur of such things.

"This was your uncle's dearest possession,

so you must take great care of it, darling."

"Won't I just!" said Brownie gleefully. "But, father, don't you think he must have been sorry to go away to heaven without it?"

"No, dear, I don't think so. He was only afraid of it being sent to a person who would not care for it. You were his little pet friend, dear, so he wished you both to go through the world together. Grace, we must get Professor Dickson to find us a good violin-master. Brownie's soul is as full of music as her uncle's was.

"How you do romance about that child! Why, when I was her age I did not know there was such a thing in my composition as a soul."

"I do not think it has been discovered yet," he replied, looking keenly at his wife's cold

"Thank you, Robert! I have soul enough to know that of all the queer legacies left by rich relations, this is the most absurd. It was very insane of Uncle Paul to leave all his wealth to an hospital, and an old cracked violin to his only relation."

The little girl stood looking up at them wonderingly. Why were they both so grave and unresponsive in the midst of her deep joy?

She held the bow in her hand, half afraid to draw their attention to it; but Mr. Melville took it from her, and drew it gently over the strings.

"Well, Brownie, shall we put the violin to bed before we go? Why, what is this?" he said, as a tiny pink paper appeared to view among the mass of shining strings that lay snugly in their little box. "Ah! a note from Uncle Paul. Listen, dear! He says-' My dear little Niece, -In leaving you this violin, I leave you the dearest and rarest possession I have on earth. Wealth may not be yours, love may not be yours, but joy will be yours con-tinually if you cherish your violin.' Keep the note carefully, Brownie. You may yet realise the truth it contains. Good-night, darling; we are going out to dinner, and you will be in dreamland when we come back."

They stooped and kissed her tenderly; but the child did not fail to notice the sarcastic play of her mother's mouth; and when they were gone she went to the window and looked out into the darkness. Then, clasping her little hands tightly together as if to check her emotion, she cried-"O mother! If only you would love me as much as father does! why, why did Bertie die?"

He was standing before a mirror, scanning his plain, dark face with unusual interest.

"Well, there is nothing to be proud of here," he said bluntly, giving the said face a con-descending pat, as he turned for a stride up and down the small room.

He was very manly, no doubt—size six feet, shoulders broad, and head perfectly poised; but it was nevertheless provoking that his brown hair would not curl, and his nose would not lie straight, and his big brown-eyes should have to hide their beauty behind a pair of spectacles.

If he had been an ordinary being, his face would not have been such a trouble to him, but he was not ordinary. He was a young man with a soul, very self-conscious, very sensitive, very irascible—in point of fact, a musician.

The little Scotch town in which he lived was proud to own such a musical genius. Ever since he came there, an orphan laddie of sixteen, and now he was twenty, he had been the animating presence of every ball and marriage of which the town could boast. He was also second teacher in the public school, not to speak of the class of youths to whom he gave violin lessons twice a week. There was not a wifie or bairnie in the place that did not know "Young Ralph the fiddler." But the town that knew him was to know him no more.

Professor Dickson, one of the stars in the musical world, had lost a train connection, and was obliged to put up for a night at the "Royal

"Is there anything interesting to be seen here?" he had asked the waiter.

"Yes, sir, young Mr. Ralph is to be fiddlin' in the Hall to-night, sir."

"Then, tell me when to start for it," said the Professor, as he took possession of a lounge, and prepared to make the most of his little adventure.

To judge from the criticisms passed by the audience, Ernest Ralph's playing that night must have been quite of an unprecedented kind.

Some said, "the deil was in the lad." others, that "he made them feel nervous"; but they all remarked that it was a very strange thing to see an old gentleman, in a black suit, stand up in the gallery, and shout excitedly, "That is the coming man! I have got him!

The following evening, when the school work was over, and Ernest Ralph was chatting with his landlady, the little maid fluttered into the room, without an apology, saying, "O Mrs. Thomson! O Mr. Ralph! there's a gentleman wantin' ye. It's the gentleman that was in the gallery last night."

Mr. Ralph rose with a calm smile, and went out to show the visitor to his own sanctum. What passed there was never told to anyone, but when the interview was over, and the visitor gone, Ernest Ralph came back to his landlady, and, kneeling down, till his head touched her lap, he said, in smothered, halfsobbing tones, "O Auntie, I'm gaun to London to be a musician!"

In his emotional moods, Ernest Ralph always talked Scotch, and called his landlady "Auntie." It was she only who knew the softest side of his nature, not the school-boys, who invariably remarked, "He's a grand hand at lickin' the

But we must return to the little parlour, where we first made his acquaintance.

The regrets regarding the unmusical contour of his countenance have subsided. He is glancing at the postscript to a letter, just arrived from Professor Dickson, which says, "In order to break the monotony of your studies at the Academy, I have got a pupil for you. Her name is Brownie Melville, and she is one of my favourite child-friends."

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"I hope the bairn will no' think me very ugly," he muses.

A fortnight later, Ernest is on his way to London, and Mrs. Thomson haunts the parlour all day long, sighing over the relics of her

CHAPTER II.

SHE was riding on the rocking-horse the first night he arrived, and not till her father said, Here is your violin master, Brownie," did she become aware of his presence.

Then she skipped lightly down, and came forward to shake hands with such a pretty air of unaffected interest that the young Scotchman's heart was captivated.

The violin was brought from out its oaken case, and Mr. Melville, recollecting an engagement, left them together.

"Will you please play something?" she asked wistfully.

So he took the fine old instrument, and played that most touching of Scotch airs, "Auld Robin Gray"; and as he played it with attractive then—her slight figure erect, her violin

a wonderful, thrilling pathos, he was instinctively conscious of a little white figure leaning in graceful, childish abandon against her rocking-horse, her great dark eyes glowing, and her full sweet lips trembling in deepest sympathy.

When the first lesson was over, and Brownie knew how to hold her violin, she said, "How I shall weary till you come

After that night she always did weary for his coming, and often met him on the staircase, one little hand outstretched to help her "dear tired master" up to the nursery.

That nursery became a paradise to Ernest Ralph. Wearied with a hard day's study, and loth to retreat to his grim, lonely lodging, he would turn into the square, and enter the Melville mansion with the delightful privilege of a friend.

The violin would always be lying on the table, as if it were sighing to be played upon, and Brownie would always be

there with the same soft look of satisfaction in her eyes, and old Nursie would always be sitting in a low chair by the window, ready even to lay aside her sewing, when the soul-subduing music echoed through the room.

There were times when Nurse was absent. and the violin was allowed to lie unheeded; and Ernest would take the low chair by the window, while the girl sat at his feet.

He was in a mood for talking those nights, as he prophesied what a glorious future was before him when his fame would reach its

He would caress the little brown head with his great hands, and say, as a tender little peroration, "Whatever happens, I will never forget my little Brownie."

The young Scotchman's genius developed with his years. He soon became more master than pupil, and figured at many a musical festival, under the patronage of his guardian, the professor.

In the Melville mansion he came to be regarded as a necessary appendage to the household.

In the height of the season, when afternoon receptions and musical evenings were the order of the day, Mr. Ralph was always willing to assist in entertaining the guests, and to secure the assistance of his professional friends. Not only in London was he convenient, but at Melville Hall, where the family spent the Christmas season, he was general manager of all the entertainments.

As Brownie grew into fuller girlhood, the lessons still continued. Mr. Ralph had evidently a sincere desire to make her a violinist, and what better amusement could there be for a girl who seldom mixed with other girls, who was too much loved by her father to be allowed to go to a boarding-school, and who was not old enough for her mother to take an interest

"Wait till I bring her out," said the mother. "Then Mr. Ralph will get his congé, and Brownie's nursery life will be a thing of the past."

Sometimes she was asked to play before some friends in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Melville was obliged to confess that Brownie did look

RALPH PLAYING THE VIOLIN TO BROWNIE.

gracefully poised in the white fingers, and her curly head bent bewitchingly to the instrument.

And the vain mother built proud castles in the air for her beautiful daughter, while simple Brownie lived on in her own small sweet world. with no thought beyond her violin, the last ever-to-be-remembered concert to which Mr. Ralph had taken her, and the lovely new photograph of Madame Neruda her father had just given her.

It all came to an end very suddenly. One afternoon Mr. Ralph rushed along the corridor, and entered the nursery like a whirlwind, his countenance flushed and joyous.

"I'm going off to Leipsic, Brownie! I have climbed the first step of the ladder. Hurrah!"

He stopped to perform a pas seul, then went to the piano and played a short battle-march; finally, he jumped up, took hold of Brownie's hands, and tossed them about in wild excitement.

In another minute his boyish rapture was over, and he calmly drew the girl to the window and looked down into her eyes. They told him with a silent pathos that she would never be perfectly happy again.

"Won't you say something?" he asked softly.

"Forgive me," she answered with an effort; "I ought to have congratulated you. I am really glad you are going, Mr. Ralph; only it will make such a difference."

He dropped the little hands, and went back into the shadow of the room. To him Leipsic meant the highest freedom. He was now to be a master of the art he loved so well, and would be able to live in comfort from the fruit of his own labour. He had climbed, as he said, the first step of the ladder of fame, and could see at a glance that it would now be comparatively easy to reach the top. And now, when all is settled and his joy is quite delirious, something happens to change it into dull remorseful pain. His elbow is leaning on the mantelpiece, and his eye rests on the tall girlish figure surrounded by the sunshine.

"She has been my sunshine all those years," he mutters; "it is hard to go away into shadowland."

But Brownie detected the change in his manner, and came to him smiling.

"May I write and tell you how I get on," she said, "and will you tell me all

about that glorious life you are going to lead? Letters will be so nice to look forward to.'

He snatched at this crumb of comfort.

"Of course, we will write to each other. But wait, I must ask your mamma first. Shall we go and ask her now?"

Mrs. Melville sat among her silken cushions, toying with a pretty piece of fancy work.

"Ah, come away, Mr. Ralph!" she said pleasantly. "I am so charmed to hear of your good fortune. Pray sit down and tell me all about it. Brownie will miss you exceedingly. You have been so good to her.".

"Not at all, Mrs. Melville. You have all been kind friends to me, and I am real sorry to leave my little friend here; but we have been making a compact to write each other, so that I may still hear how Brownie progresses with her music. Have we your permission, Mrs. Melville?

He spoke very frankly, but it required a certain amount of courage to finish his sentence, as the lady's elevated eyebrows and amused smile did not predict ready compliance.

"So you really thought Brownie was going to continue her music," she said; "why, Mr. Ralph, I mean Brownie to give up her music. She has had a long spell of it, seeing it is not to be her profession. Mr. Ralph, I am glad you are going away. It will make it easier for me to take my part in training Brownie. two years she will be eighteen. Then I shall present her to society. Meanwhile, she will study herself, not music. There will be nothing in that to make an interesting correspondence.'

"O Mrs. Melville! I shall always be interested in Brownie, whatever happens. Please do not let us lose sight of each other."

There was too much apparent fervour in the honest Scotchman's face. Mrs. Melville drew her own conclusions.

"I do not approve of it," she said coldly. "You will never again meet as master and pupil, and it is highly improbable you will ever meet as friends. Most likely Brownie will

be married next time you come to England. The best thing to do now is to exchange photographs, and say good-bye to each other. Brownie, you may go for the photograph that stands on my dressing-table, and give it to Mr. Ralph. It is her latest," she said, as the girl went quickly from the room. "She is a pliable child, is she not? I will soon get her trained. Her violin is merely what a doll is to another girl. We will make her happy with substitutes. Must you really go, Mr. Ralph? And you cannot spare us another visit? Well, Mr. Melville will call on you Good-bye, I wish you all success in anyway. your profession. We will hear of you coming over soon as a 'great star from Germany.'"

"Thank you for your good wishes. Goodbye."

He bowed gravely, and with a very formal hand-shake they parted.

As he stood in the hall, to take a last sad mental picture of all that it contained, a girl's white dress floated down the staircase, and in another moment she was at his side, holding out the photograph. No need to ask for his. She already possessed half-a-dozen. He put the case in his pocket, and clasped the hands that had held it.

I cannot come again, my lassie, but I never, never will forget you."

He bent his manly head on her trembling hands, just for a moment, then dropped them nervously, and left her standing in the gloom of the hall, while he went out to the sunshine.

CHAPTER III.

"Now, Robert, don't you think I have done my part well? She-has been a decided success, and has made the match of the season.'

She has not made it vet," he replied somewhat ungraciously.

"And what are you both discussing?" cried a happy young voice, as the subject of their remarks entered the room.

"Why, the pride of our life and the joy of our heart," said the father, drawing his finger caressingly down

the pretty cheek.

"We are wondering when Lord
Mordington is going to claim his bride."

"Ah! then you want me away," she said demurely.

"We want to see you happily settled, dear; then your father and I will go abroad for a while. You see we are quite knocked up with the responsibility of bringing out such a beautiful daughter."

Brownie's face lost a little of its brightness, and when Lord Mordington called an hour later he found her in the old nursery, now her boudoir, dreaming over the fire, her violin in her arms.

"How charming!" he exclaimed. "Please do not rise, darling !

Nevertheless she rose, and he came and put his arms round her.

"When you come to Mordington you must lay aside that beloved instrument of yours, Brownie. I am extremely jealous of it, so we will give it some holidays. I should like you to have a poodle, dearest; you would look much more domesticated," he said laughingly.

She only said, "Do you think so?" and hugged her violin closer.

As the day of her marriage approached, Brownie was still more addicted to petting her violin. Much of her time was spent in the old nursery among her old treasures. She would allow no hands but her own to dismantle this room, and pack its memorials safely away. They were soon to adorn another and more splendid room, for Brownie's idea of her future boudoir was that it should contain all the old relics of her dreamy girlhood. Even Mr. Ralph's photograph would be hung over the mantelpiece, as it had been before.

"You never did come back," she said musingly, as she wrapped it tenderly in silken paper, again. "and I did so hope to see you just once I wonder what you would think of Ah, you would hate him I know, because he prefers a poodle to a violin. Three years ago I was weeping because you were going away, and now all those things mamma predicted that dreadful afternoon have happened, and next week I shall be Lady Claude Mordington. A great many things happen in a week," she added thoughtfully, as she dusted the marble face of her Beethoven.

A great many things did happen that week. Coming home from Paris—Mr. Melville was killed in a railway accident. His estate passed to a distant male relation, and his private financial affairs were discovered in inextricable confusion. He had lost largely on the turf,



BROWNIE PLAYING IN THE STREET.

and what remained of his substance was grasped by clamorous creditors.

In a few days Mrs. Melville and her daughter found themselves bereft of husband, father, friends, and home.

The old woman who had nursed them both, and who was now comfortably housed and pensioned in a far-away village, was the one to whom they fled till the storm of their ruin would be over, and Brownie's marriage bring them once more within the pale of society.

The morning after their arrival Brownie entered her mother's room, with an open letter. "Mother, this is a note from Claude."

"Oh, I am so relieved, dear; I really thought he had forgotten us in our trouble.

"He means to forget us anyway, mother. He says that owing to the recent public disclosures about my father's affairs, he thinks it Don't look prudent to break our engagement. so vexed, mamma darling. Lord Mordington evidently thought I had a fortune. He has none, poor creature, so that is a most sensible decision of his. A title and a country-house are not so valuable after all."

She spoke very calmly, even haughtily, and the mother grew more and more amazed.

"Brownie, do you know what this means?

You must either live in this miserable place all your days or else go out and work for your living.

"I shall certainly work, mamma. Never mind, we shall manage to survive it all."

Mrs. Melville was annoyed at so much selfcomposure.

"Leave me, child," she said; "you have no feeling. You cannot think what a blow this is to me. But what do you care? Nothing disturbs you, nothing moves you, but that crazy old violin, that has caused all the trouble. If only you had got your rightful legacy, this would never have happened. Ah, me!"

Rrownie discreetly withdrew. Poor child!

She foresaw, with a long weary sigh, that this unhappy climax to their troubles would be the theme of her mother's conversation for months to come.

All through the long summer they lived on in the nurse's cottage, but Brownie at last thought it necessary to change their abode, for the sake of her mother.

The lady was growing wan and melancholy. Nothing would interest her. Nothing would dispel her constant fretfulness. So the daughter took the management of their affairs into her own hands, and the mother became absolutely passive.

Before the winter set in they removed to London, and took a lodging in a quiet, shabby street, far beyond the reach of their former friends.

Brownie began to seek for a situation as a governess, but she found it exceedingly difficult to make applications with nothing but her own words to speak for her.

Ladies were afraid to risk such a fascinating girl in their homes, while school-mistresses invariably criticised the curling hair and white skin, and gave as their verdict, "too delicate for our system of teaching, and too dreamy to be smart."

"Brownie, what has kept you? Do shut the door quickly. You bring in the cold so!"

"I am so sorry, mother dear," said the girl, coming over to the bedside. "I did try very hard to-day, mother, but it was no use, They say she checked herself, thinking it wiser not to tell the stricken mother all

the bitter things that had been said to her to-She went and poked the fire, till a cheery

blaze brightened the bare walls, then she put on the kettle, spread a white cloth on the little table, and rattled the teacups merrily

"What would we do, mother, if there were no comforting cup of tea? The minister was asking last Sunday if we had not each one little thing to be thankful for, and I just said to myself, 'I have my tea to be thankful for anyway.' Do you know, mother, you look a little better to-night. If only Christmas were past, we could look forward to spring, and to going down to nurse for a while."

So the tea was made ready, the invalid was propped up comfortably in bed, and Brownie managed to keep up a lively chatter during the The firelight still danced on the walls, and did duty for gas, while the stars shone through the uncurtained window, and the wearied young face at the table did its utmost to seem bright.

To-morrow will be Christmas, Brownie!"

"Yes, mother," and the girl looked up to the stars and asked them if they would come back to-morrow night and spend Christmas with

"Brownie, the doctor was in to-day, and he says if I ever get strong again it will only be good nourishing food that will do it. Oh I do wish we could have a bit of turkey for to-morrow!"

The girl's features quivered. It was hard to hear her mother's craving for delicacies that could not be gratified.

"I have an idea! That old violin of yours will turn out to be useful after all. It will bring a lot of money. Sell it, darling, and we shall have the turkey, and you shall have new boots, and look more respectable; and when I get well, I shall take in sewing, dear."

Brownie laid her arms on the table, and buried her face there.

All the anguish of the past months seemed concentrated in those cruel words, "sell your violin."

The words of her Uncle Paul came distinctly to her remembrance. Wealth had been taken from her, love had been taken from her, and now came the voluntary giving up of her only joy. But if it meant the recovery of her mother's health, surely it was the right thing to do. Oh, how could she refuse to do it, when the poor weak mother had herself requested it!

The struggle was long and painful.

She rose and moved to the window, and there was a very resolute expression on her face as she clasped her hands together and said vehemently, "God help me! Surely nothing will hurt me under such a sky! God help and protect me! If this fails, I will sell it!"

She went over to the bed. Mrs. Melville was sleeping serenely, and would probably

sleep for an hour or two.

So Brownie put on her little black hat and jacket, then going over to a press, she took from their covering her violin and bow, snatched a black shawl to throw over them, and hurried out into the street.

Nor did she falter till she had reached a square in proud Belgravia. There, standing on the edge of the pavement, she drew forth the violin from the shawl, and tremblingly touched the responsive strings.

Ernest Ralph sat in a huge arm-chair, in front of his cosy parlour fire.

"Nothing to beat a London hotel for comfort," he said aloud. "Am I not thankful that I do not appear before the public to-night? I feel strange to-night. Is it because of being in England once again I wonder, or is it the thought of seeing her? I wonder if she will be at the concert? Blair says all the elite will be there, and she is one of the elite. Oh, yes! she married Lord Mordington—confound him! That was more than a year ago, I think. Oh, I should like to see her! I wonder if she knows I am to play here, or if she does not recognise Ernest Raff. My word! the old professor was mad at me for turning my name into German!"

"Hark! Can that be a violin exposed to this wintry air? Ay, and a good one too!" Some poor fellow is fighting with circumstances. Good gracious! He is playing, "Alice, where art thou?" And I taught her to play that. But that is no ordinary playing. I'll away out and give the fellow half-a-crown."

In a second he had reached the street, and was walking quickly towards the player.

It was very dark, and not till he was quite near did he see that it was a girl that held the violin. As the last plaintive notes wailed through the keen night winds, he approached her, saying huskily, "What brings you out in a night like this, my girl?"

She turned a pair of startled eyes on him,

and then, with a faint cry, swayed forward into his arms.

Next to a famous school of music, in a large German town, there stands amongst a crowd of trees a large old house. Outside, it is dull and weird, a house to be passed hurriedly on a dark night, a house that looks beautiful only in a snow-scene. Inside, there is comfort and beauty, almost ideal, and decidedly English. This December afternoon, the large drawingroom is looking lovely, with its rich draperies, its fine pictures, its litter of music, and fancy work. In a downy arm-chair, in front of the glowing fire, sits an elderly lady, with white hair and a placid face. The baby-socks she was knitting are lying on her lap, for she is having her forty winks before the master of the house comes home.

On a low ottoman by the window sits a much younger lady, in a soft blue gown, her head "sunning over with curls," her sweet, dark eyes dividing their attention between the shrubbery gate, by which her husband comes home, and a basinette at her side, where baby lies asleep.

There is one thing more we must look at. Everyone says it is a marvellous painting, but it is given to only a few to know the pathetic

tale which it represents.

In the foreground is the life-size figure of a slim girl, in a dark gown, playing an old brown violin. There is a quiet graceful beauty about the attitude of the bare curly head and slender white fingers; while the sadness of the little face, with its downcast eyes and pinched cheeks, bespeaks the dire necessity that has turned the player out into the street. Overhead is a clear, wintry, star-studded sky, and in the background is a row of tall mansions, glimmerings of light appearing through the closed blinds.

But the garden gate has opened, and Brownie Raff goes down to meet her husband.

M. W. R.

Miss Marguerite Macintyre.

THE rise and progress of Miss Macintyre is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. It shows that real meritin spite of the opposition of rival cliques, unconciliated pressmen and committee menhas power to make its own way and dictate its own terms. The fact is that although Liszt, or Sir Augustus, or Dr. Wylde may or may not have discovered Miss Macintyre, the public insist upon having her. Other prima donnas may have had sufficient influence to check a rival's appearance here and there; and rival interests may have, by silence or faint praise, inflicted occasional injustice and annoyance in the columns of the press and the coulisses of the theatre; but there is an argument which has been just one too many for them all-Miss Macintyre draws. So there is an end of further cavil about youth, inexperience, amateur, unequal, nervous, self-conscious, and all the rest of those handy shifts and catch-words to which dubious or inimical writers do resort when they want to snub an artiste or damage a career.

Miss Marguerite Macintyre is the daughter of General Macintyre, and has the natural advantage possessed by Mrs. Langtry of being a lady by birth and education. The people who have *learned* to be ladies on the stage never quite put on a complete disguise. Miss Macintyre has the justest perception of any situation on or off the stage. She is at once a

perfect artiste, and yet always herself. Some artistes assume an individuality, and lose their own—Miss Macintyre retains her own individuality whilst assuming others. Her face is mobile and sensitive, with a certain fresh charm and breezy vivacity of her own native heather about it. Her graceful yet vigorous physique lends itself admirably to the impersonation of such favourite parts as Elsa in "Lohengrin," Senta in "Flying Dutchman," and Michaela in "Carmen."

She early steeped herself, at Stuttgart, in German influences. Then she learned how not to sing like Germans from the great Manuel Garcia; afterwards she studied at the London Academy of Music, carrying off successively the bronze, silver, and gold medals. The gifted Madame de la Vallë is her favourite instructress still. About three years ago she plunged into public life, singing the *title-rôle* part, at the request of Liszt, in his "St. Elizabeth" Cantata. Immediately she attracted the notice of Augustus Harris, and signed with him a guarded agreement for a short period. Her phenomenal success justified her caution. Three years ago she had to make terms with managers, now London managers rave to make terms with her. She is also in request throughout the provinces for oratorio and concert singing, and can have her pick of opera; for as soon as she is engaged by one management, "the house over the way" is prepared to bribe her to leave. This, we believe, is the position most coveted by all prima donnas. But Miss Macintyre has shown a complete and rare independence of spirit, which has earned her the respect of managers, and for which her less fortunate sisters should thank her, as her attitude towards her fellow-artistes, her managers, and the public is calculated to raise the dignity of the whole profession.

Miss Macintyre's repertoire is already extensive, and embraces "Huguenots" (her favourite rôle), "Trovatore," "Magic Flute," "William Tell," "Don Giovanni," "Carmen," "Faust," "Mefistofele," in which last she created a furore; besides Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal," Hubert Parry's "St. Cecilia's Day," and, lastly, Dr. Stanford's new work, "Eden."

She has appeared at Berlin and Paris, creating in each case a profound impression; and she may be said at this moment to be rapidly scaling the topmost heights of operatic popularity at home and abroad; whilst she remains a true glory to native art, as she holds her own successfully against the best foreign talent now before the public.

Westminster Grchestral Society.

HE Westminster Orchestral Society has issued an interesting prospectus of its arrangements for the coming season. Three concerts will be given in the Westminster Town Hall, the dates being December 9th, March 16th, and May 25th. Among the new works announced for performance may be noted a ballad for male voices and orchestra by Professor Bridge, entitled "The Festival," the words taken from Archbishop Trench; a pianoforte concerto by Mr. Horton Allison; an orchestral work by the Society's conductor, Mr. C. Stewart Macpherson; and a prize competition work, for which the sum of fifteen guineas is offered. The general programmes promise to be excellent, but the arrangements are not yet complete.

The Ghristmas Musical Supplement.

UR readers will find first of all some old English Carols. Of "GoD rest you, merry gentlemen," it may be noted that it is one of the most popular carols in England. Drake, in his Shakespeare and His Times, tells us how the Yule log, garnished with evergreens, was brought in with procession (lights and music), and placed in the centre of the hall; and how member of the family then set down each member of the family then sat down upon it, sang a Yule song, and drank to a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. No doubt, the Yule song which is here given often was heard at one of those festivals of the olden time. The quaint carol bearing the date 1460, and commencing "Nowell! Nowell!" is taken in its harmonised form from Mr. Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time. The "Christmas Song" by Martin Luther is of special interest, in that it is said to have been written for his little son Hans. The "Christmas Song" by Robert Schumann is taken from the composer's "Liederalbum" (Op. 79), which contains some of his shortest, simplest, sweetest songs. It is, if we mistake not, the only song of Schumann's specially connected with Christmas. The melody has quite a popular swing about it, and its freshness and charm are in no way spoilt by the clever accompaniment: it is an agreeable mixture of nature and art. The "Hallelujah" at the end, with its plagal cadence, gives to the song a quaint, old-world

The "Christmas Eve" Glee, by Thomas Atwood, is a characteristic piece of English vocal music, and the sense of the words is admirably reflected in the sounds; the chimenotes to the words, "On Christmas Eve the Bells were rung;" the long notes and stately cadence, as reference is made to the singing of the Mass; the solemn ending, reminding one of the sacred as well as the secular character, of the national festival, and so on. A few words about the composer will not be out of place here. Thomas Attwood, whose father was trumpeter, viola-player, and coal merchant, was born in 1767. He showed taste for music when young, and was sent by the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) to Italy to study. From Italy he went to Vienna, and there he became the pupil and friend of Mozart. In connection with the lessons which he received from the great musician, we would refer our readers to an article entitled, "Dr. Bridge and his new Dramatic Cantata 'Callir-(Magazine of Music, September 1888), in which mention is made of Attwood's exercises, with comments on Mozart's handwriting, which came into the possession of Dr. Gos and, at his death, were purchased from his widow by Dr. Bridge. Attwood was not only a friend of Mozart, but also of Mendelssohn, who dedicated to him his three Preludes and Fugues for organ. Attwood was famous, both as a dramatic and as a church composer. He died in 1838.

The two simple little French Noëls at the end of the Supplement need no comment.

HERR STAVENHAGEN arrived in the middle of November, and appeared first at the Crystal Palace on November 21, and afterwards gave a recital at St. James's Hall on November 24.

The Grand Opera, Paris.

AVING visited most—if not all—the great Opera Houses of Europe, and paraded each from garret to cellar, through the kindness of the various intendants and directors, I can say, without hesitation, that for beauty and magnificence the palm belongs to Paris.

Situated in the best part of the city, it is one of the finest sights Paris has to offer, one of the greatest acquisitions that beautiful city has reason to be proud of, a very museum of luxury and art.

Roughly speaking, one may divide it into three parts: the stage, the house itself, and the foyer and staircase, remembering that the ground covered by the entire building is almost fourteen thousand square yards, this ground alone costing £400,000.

Of course the stage is enormous, consisting in height of fifteen storeys, five of these being taken up by the machinery under the stage, the remaining ten being left to constitute the havens of the actors. The portion devoted to the machinery is perhaps the most interesting of all. Various passages lit by lanterns lead one into a labyrinth of pulleys, levers, wooden and iron bars, and ropes—in short, the usual paraphernalia of the stage—till at last one halts appalled before the terrific labour involved in that amusement of our everyday life, the opera.

And yet what is that in comparison to the work of the artists? of the orchestra? of the composer? all included in that little word opera.

As I stood on the stage and looked round at the gigantic theatre wrapped in darkness, I tried to picture to myself what the intoxication of the great artists or artistes must be, as they stand there before the gaze of thousands, envious of their strength, ready for triumph, the orchestra playing before them.

The theatre holds three thousand people, and is most gorgeous in its decoration. vailing colours are red and gold, and form a rich and brilliant background to the beautiful frescoes. The first two tiers of boxes are held by subscribers, but the best seats in the house are those known as the fauteuils d'amphitheatre; these are situated behind the orchestra stalls. and before the second row of boxes, costing seventeen francs each. To the orchestra stalls ladies-except on one evening in the week, Saturday—are not admitted, their wonderful hats debarring them; but to the fauteuils d'amphitheatre they have admission, inasmuch as these seats, rising one above the other, those behind have a chance to crane their heads over the Mont Blanc of lace, ribbon, and feathers before them, should their seats be behind one of the fair sex.

Looking at the house, one can easily fancy how it must appear under strong electric light, when all the brilliance, fashion, and beauty of Paris fills it; but no imagination, no matter how brilliant, will realise one-hundredth part of the beauty of the foyer without seeing it.

I saw it by electricity. I saw it also by day-

I saw it by electricity. I saw it also by daylight, with the sun streaming in from the long windows, specially uncurtained for me, and each time I stood lost in astonishment and bewildered adoration.

One can give no idea of the beauty of this place, for it is a miracle of art. Each fresco is a dream before which one could stand for ever,

for the laughing figures, with their garlands of roses, seem living and breathing above one, the colouring being perfection itself.

There is something in Paris, I do not know if it is in the air, in the sunlight, in the surroundings, or where, but it is there, a thing tangible to the intellect the moment one has breathed the air of the Boulevards, some mysterious charm that gladdens life, banishes dull care, and makes existence one picture bathed in sunshine. One sees it in the faces of the crowds, and it is the great charm which makes the tone of French art unrivalled.

It took the painter ten years of incessant labour to complete the frescoes, of foyer, but nowhere is there a trace in his work of effort or fatigue. It is all free, buoyant, beautiful, perfect in every detail, and the longer one gazes the more one realises this beauty. In short, the foyer is a masterpiece, and with its wonderful vases of Sèvres, its mirrors, its statues of bronze, its marble and rich stucco work, is certainly one of the wonders of our age.

So much for the Opera House; let us now turn our attention to the opera itself, and the singers.

When I arrived in Paris, almost the first word that the musical people said to me was, "Well, have you seen 'Lohengrin' at the Grand Opera yet?" I smiled. "Lohengrin" in Paris, I thought dubiously as I listened to their praises, and remembered "Lohengrin" as I had seen it on nearly every operatic stage of importance in Germany, but, of course, I said nothing. French pride is very susceptible; but when the opportunity afforded itself, it was with no little feeling of expectation that I took my seat in one of the fauteuils d'amphitheatre, and looked around at the brilliant house, for be it known that every representation of "Lohengrin" fills the house, and sends hundreds disappointed away.

For the orchestra I was prepared; it is one hundred strong, and, as Rubinstein says, good orchestras are nowadays the rule, not the exception, and Lamoureuse has a world-wide fame; but I was not prepared for what followed, nor did I trust myself at one hearing, I made a point of having three hearings, and then I knew novelty and an optimist disposition had not deceived me that the representation of "Lohengrin" at the Grand Opera in Paris was the best I had ever heard.

Van Dyck was the Lohengrin, Madame Rose Caron the Elsa; and on the three different occasions I heard it, not a fault marred the entire representation of the opera. The Ortrude of Madame Fircus Fiereus was passionate and real; the hate of Lebamunde, as played by Monsieur Renaud, magnificent. Van Dyck's Lohengrin, so well known, and despite the ugliness of his face, was true and great; but to Madame Rose Caron, for the beauty of her conception of Elsa, belongs the palm, despite the fact that her voice is worn out in all the upper tones. But still the exquisite pathos and sentiment she contrived to put into her singing made one forget everything, and the statuesque grace of every one of her movements and the beauty of her acting made her Elsa one great poetic conception.

Once I thought Germany the land of all others for the music student, and certainly there are musical advantages there nowhere else to be gained; but Germany is not alone, and until the music student has seen the Grand Opera in Paris, much that is best in the operatic art, grace, finish, and refinement, will be lost to him.

Now when the musicians of Paris say to me, "You have seen the Grand Opera?" I nod my head and smile, and they smile too; we understand each other.

ALEXANDER M'ARTHUR.

The Frost Elves.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY MAUD E. PITMANN.

T was a perfect night, one of those clear, cold, and frosty old-fashioned winter nights that we so seldom get nowadays. The town, with its big houses and tall church steeples, lay glistening in the moonbeams, except for old little patches where the yellow light streamed from countless windows, behind whose sheltening screen crowds of happy children and their elders were enjoying the last evening of the Old Year.

But beyond the town lay the country, a vast expanse of white sparkling wilderness; the trees, the hedgerows, and the gorse-bushes standing out in white symmetry against the sapphire

Aperfect silence reigned around, unbroken save successor from a band of chosen elves who

for the occasional falling of a twig which some passing breeze had shaken from its restingplace. Still, the air was with motion; alive myriads of little figures, white and sparkling as the frost itself, and about an inch in height, were hurrying with all the speed their tiny silver wings permitted towards the great forest, dimly shadowed in the distance.

Let us follow them and see whither they are going.

Joining a group we find ourselves flying through the air swiftly as a dragon fly,—now passing a field, now skimming across a pond. At last we enter the wood: it is darker here, for the overarching branches, leafless though they be, are so intertwined and so fantastically clothed in

their sparkling frost garb, that the pale moonbeams cannot force their way through the glittering roof. On we go, deeper and deeper into the wood, till after proceeding several leagues we reach the entrance of a glade that lies in the very heart of the forest. Here one seems to be in an enchanted land; frost sprites are hurrying in all directions, and pressing eagerly forward towards the head of the glen, which presently bursts suddenly upon our view.

What a scene is this! A wide open space surrounded by the frost-clad forest-trees; in the background a group of spruce-firs spread their feathery arms on high, whilst in the centre of the glen a beautiful silver-birch rears itself from a mound of earth slightly higher than the neighbouring ground. A lovely picture that silver-birch makes, with its slender trunk and graceful branches bending to earth from their airy height; each twig is clothed with feathery hoar-frost, whose varied and fantastic shapes form patterns of amazing beauty which sparkle and glisten in the vivid moonlight like flashes from a thousand diamonds. A holly-bush stands near by, rich in its bright red berries and dark green leaves, so daintily edged with

frost. It is towards this spot that myriads of Frost Elves are hurrying. And why? See yonder under the silver-birch are seated rows upon rows of the elder Frost Elves-"Frost Elders" as they are called-little figures with white streaming hair and long beards, with long loose robes which can scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding whiteness of the snow-clad earth. Seated on a knoll at the root of the tree is a venerable elf, noticeable among the others by the crown of shining hoar-frost which encircles his temples, and a long wand ending in a diamond star. space is cleared before him, beyond which the Frost Elves in countless numbers have assembled, and are still assembling. They cover the branches of the surrounding trees, resting comfortably on the peaks of the holly leaves and even on the red berries themselves; the trees in the glade are thick with them: every branch and spray and twig has its Frost Elf, who flutters his wings impatiently for the appointed time to arrive when the Old Frost King will elect his



ELF RELATING STORY.

have been selected for the purpose on account of their useful deeds and good behaviour during the preceding year.

The time draws nigh, the elves are nearly all gathered, and only arrive in straggling twos or threes. At last the Old King rises, and advancing to the edge of the knoll, addresses the multitude before him:—

"My children! during the past year I have been privileged to rule as your king, and have monthly held my court and councils in my palace hall in the North. I have sent forth bands of commissioners with work to do in all parts of the earth, wherever they could penetrate, and withstand the deadly influence of our mortal enemies, the Sunbeams. - Ah! their power is indeed strong, and many are the Frost Elves who have fallen victims to their deadly smile, or who have been chased back over the border line of the Frigid Zone by their ruthless pursuers, the Thaw Spirits. - Many, too, are the victories won by my faithful subjects over the degenerate Thaw Spirits; full oft have my brave, determined Frost Elves withstood their mischievous inroads; many a time have they turned and locked fast their tormentors in a

chill and deadly embrace, until the slothful Sunbeams came to their rescue. Often during the past year have you made noble sallies into the southern regions, and powdered their fields and cities, their rivers and their forests, with the beautiful garb we so delight in. Many a time have you entered the cities of mortals, locked their rivers in an ice-bound sleep, and so rested their weary waters; and many a time have you kissed some poor houseless wanderer, and thus loosed the prison bonds of the fettered soul, and set it free. Again, in the North how often have you frost-bound the waves of the Arctic Sea, and piled high mountains of glittering ice towards the sky in honour of your mighty race! You have visited the mountains too, my children; have kissed their brows and laid your seal upon their sides; have stayed for a while the torrents in their headlong course, and rested weary Nature by your touch.

"But, alas! this is not all. You have erred, my children; been mischievous, crept into the houses of mortals, breathed upon their window panes, cracked their glasses, frozen

their milk, and played havoc in their larders! Then you have pinched their noses and ears, bitten their fingers and toes, and, glazing their streets, caused many a broken limb! "Still worse, you

have been cruel, my Frost Elves! You have frozen many a homeless bird, and hardened the earth so long as to starve many a winged songster; then you have nipped the young and tender leaf-buds. Ah, you have been both careless, mischievous, and cruel! And you know, my Frost Elves, for every fault you will have to suffer; and each time you abuse your power, the Sun-beams and Thaw Spirits are ordained your chastisers."

He paused, and looking round, continued:—

"During the past year you have been good and faithful subjects to me, and now that my reign draws to a close, I am here to appoint one of the chosen band to succeed me as your ruler; then will I take my place henceforth among the elders."

He resumed his seat upon the knoll by the tree, and all the elves with one accord arose, and burst into the following song:—

THE FROST ELVES' FAREWELL TO THEIR OLD KING.*

Fare thee well, dear Father Frost!
Nought from thy teaching have we lost;
In the future thou shalt see
How kindly we will strive to be.
Fare thee well, our Ruler kind!
A better we can never find;
Among the elders take thy place,
But show us first the new king's face.
Fare thee well! there ne'er was seen
A better reign than thine has been;
Honour, glory, praise is due,
Ruler Frost, from us to you.

Scarcely had this song died away when a sound resembling the tinkling of tiny glass

^{*} See setting in Music Supplement

bells was heard, and a procession of imps, dressed after the fashion of pages, appeared advancing towards the spot where the old king was sitting. Each elf carried a tiny ice bell suspended from a long wand, which he held in his right hand, and the motion of their steps as they walked caused the bells to send the most beautiful music imaginable. Behind these pages came the chosen band of elves marching two and two, their feet keeping time to the music as they marched.

They passed in a winding procession before the rows of elders, and finally stood in a semicircle around the old king. The imps with their bells took up their position on either side of the tree, and stood motionless and silent as he arose and began to examine the elves wait-

ing around him.

They were about twenty-four in number, and all exceedingly beautiful; their little garments, surpassingly white and clean, fitted without a wrinkle to the slender limbs and graceful figures of their owners. Their tiny transparent wings glistened like gossamer in the moonlight, and were nervously fluttering with expectation; their little faces were aglow with excitement,

and their pale grey eyes anxiously watched their king as he keenly scrutinised every elf in succession, scanning each from head to foot to see whether there was the slightest spot or stain on either himself or his garments, which would at once inform him that the elf had sinned. For the slightest wilful error or fault committed by a Frost Elf leaves a stain upon him that nothing will remove. There were few spots to be seen, still the sharp eyes of the old king noted them, and inquired into their origin. On two elves alone he could find no stain; so, drawing them into the centre of the circle, he addressed them as follows:

"Of all the twenty-four elves chosen for me to select a successor from, you are the only two upon whom I can find no stain; it remains to me, therefore, to appoint one of you king—which one I am at present at a loss to say, for both of you being equally spotless,

you are to all appearances equally entitled to the kingdom. There must, however, be some difference between you, and it is now my duty to find out what that difference is; therefore, to begin with, I wish you each to record to me the history of your adventures during the past year. Elf on the right begin." The king resumed his seat while the elf began as follows :-

FIRST ELF'S STORY.

"I was sent forth with some thousands of my brothers to go and repair the mischief perpetrated by our tormentors the Thaw Spirits. They had been unusually busy of late, so, separating into bands, we divided and scattered in all directions, some flying to the East, some to the South, and some to the West.

"I joined myself to a small band flying eastward and keeping along the boundary of the Northern Sea. On our way we encountered many icebergs that had broken loose from their hold and been set afloat by the Thaw Spirits, so that they drifted towards the southern climes, and disappeared before the influence of the Sunbeams. Upon these icebergs we breathed, and turned them aside from their course by hardening the waves around, thus making them standing monuments of our power. Whole standing monuments of our power.

fields of ice soon marked our track, and presently we touched the northern shores of that great continent whose rivers own our sway, and usually remain for months vast sheets of ice. Here, too, the Thaw Spirits had been at work, and slowly now the waters ran, while the far-spreading plains were saturated with moisture. These we froze by a breath, and again fast bound their rivers. Passing southward, we powdered the huge mountain ranges, and held their torrents as they would have bounded down the dark ravines. Moving westward, we crossed the mighty steppes, stiffened the ground, and clothed the vegetation in our glorious raiment, till nought could be distinguished in the wilderness of white. Then we proceeded northward, sweeping by great cities and ice-bound coasts; turning our attention again towards the polar region, leaving a glorious track behind us and raising glittering monuments in our honour, to astonish the marvelling eyes of northern explorers by their magnificence and splendour.

On all sides we defeated our enemies and oft locked them in a deadly embrace. Even the Sunbeams' smiles waxed pale and wan

SECOND ELF'S STORY.

before us as we proceeded in our triumphal

"And from those northern regions I hurried to be at this gathering of the Frost Elves, arriving but just in time to be selected by the elders as one of the privileged band honoured by your Majesty's most gracious inspection and choice."

He ceased, and bowing low before the king withdrew a step or so, whilst the second elf, who had remained silent and motionless during this recital, now, at a sign from the king, stepped forward and began.

SECOND ELF'S STORY.

"I was sent forth at the same time as my brother, but joining a band that was journeying southward, soon found myself flying over the land of the Lapp, and heard the tinkling of the sledge bells ringing out on the frosty air as the reindeer, with the speed of the wind, drew his master over the slippery ground.

"Next, a range of white-capped mountains met my view. Descending, I saw a party of mortals toiling laboriously up their steep and dangerous sides; dangerous indeed, for the Thaw Spirits had been busy among the mountains, and many a huge boulder of ice with

fields of rock and snow had been loosened from their strongholds, and were ready at the faintest sound to thunder down the heights into the peaceful valleys below, swallowing up the party in their descent, and destroying many a picturesque chalêt and honest household in their terrific plunge. To prevent these evils, we regirt the mountains with the fastness of our strength; and having thus secured the safety of the mountaineer, passed eastward, and visited mortals in their great dark cities.

"Into one of these cities I flew one night, and passing over the broad squares and gardens of the rich, entered into the dark narrow alleys of the poor. Herds of mankind in the most degraded condition were continually passing to and fro; discordant sounds filled the air; the streets and houses were polluted and foul; filth and disease stalked abroad, and saturated the atmosphere with their obnoxious odours.

"I hardened the soft miry roads and dried up the noxious moisture; rendered the murky air keen and frosty, thus killing the germs of disease that floated on every side. I whitened with snowy feathers their houses, pavements,

and gutters; then creeping through an open doorway, flew up the rickety staircase into a dark attic, bare and empty, save for a broken chair, and a filthy straw mattress whereon lay the shrunken form of a little boy. He was in the height of fever, his lips were parched and dry as he lay tossing and moaning in delirium; a broken cup stood on the floor beside him. I looked into it-it was empty. I stooped over the boy; poor child! he was alone, no one to care for him, no hand to soothe his 'pain; better to be out of the world than to live on in it so! I would stay with him, soothe him, and release him! I kissed his hot forehead and burning lips, breathed on his face and chest, and touched his heart that beat so wild and painfully; then all was still - he fell into that slumber from which there is no

awakening.
"My work there was done; so flying out through a broken window-

pane, I next entered a park, freezing its ponds so that the children of mortals might enjoy the delights of the season. Then on I journeyed across the fair and beautiful country that stretched before me; whitening the fields beneath me, and, passing over a great forest, I clothed the bare and naked branches that before stood out so gauntly against the wintry sky. I came, then, upon another city, and, passing by stately mansions, espied the form of a woman crouching on the broad steps that led up to the entrance of one of these grand dwellings. Light and laughter poured forth from the many windows, but outside all was dark and bare and empty. I drew near to the woman, and saw that she was still and cold-some one else had been before me; but the babe upon her breast yet lived, its wee puny face turned towards the frosty night. I kissed its lips and drew its breath away: its soul was free to join its mother's.

"I arose, and behold! a frost maiden stood beside me.

"'You have completed my work,' she said; 'poor things! they are happy now,—happier, maybe, than those behind you lighted win-dows.' Thus speaking we flew on together through the night, out of the city, and on towards this great forest to which all your

Majesty's faithful subjects were summoned to appear."

So ended the second elf's story.

Then the old king arose and addressed the multitude as follows:—

"You have heard these two elves each record the history of his adventures; both have done good, useful work, and are entitled to our highest praise; but I commend to you the second elf, whose kindly spirit and thoughtfulness for others have guided his every action, and directed him to seek his work in filthy alleys and fever-smitten atmosphere; the safety and good of mortals, the happiness and comfort of the poor, have been his ruling motives. His brother's chief aim, on the contrary, was ambition for the aggrandisement and glory of his own race. To the second elf, therefore, I, with perfect contentment and assurance, resign my crown and diadem."

So saying, he took the frost crown from his own head and placed it upon the white curling locks of the elf before him; and giving the star-crowned wand into his right hand, led him to the tree-knoll, formerly his own seat, and, bowing low before him, proclaimed him king.

Then, with one accord, all the elves shouted with joy; whilst the young king arose, and, bowing his acknowledgments, said he hoped he would prove as good and worthy a king to them as the one who had just resigned; and he also hoped they would be as loyal subjects to himself as they had been to his predecessor.

Then stepping down from his place and taking the hand of the little frost maiden he had met on his journey, he led her before his subjects, and claimed her as his Queen. He then placed a glistening crown of hoar-frost about her beautiful temples, and, kissing her, led her to his throne at the foot of the silver birch

Suddenly the band of imps marched forward, their ice bells sending forth the loveliest music, while all the frost elves and maidens rose, and dancing around the tree sang:—*

> The world is glistening On every side With a thousand diamonds, This New Year tide.

The moon is shining Over all; 'Mong feathery trees Her pale beams fall.

And we Frost Elves, With gossamer wing, In a joyous circle Dance round our king.

For our king is good,
And our queen is fair—
With her flowing robes
And silver hair.

So we'll dance away
In the pale dim light,
While the ice bells ring
And the moon is bright.

And then we'll creep Away to our beds, And under the leaves Hide our weary heads.

Our king is elected, Our time is o'er, And we must away— We may dance no more.

The moon waxed pale, but before its last ray had faded the glade was empty and deserted, for the little Frost Elves had all flown away to their beds.

* See setting in Music Supplement.

Music Study Abroad.

A STORY.

BY ALEXANDER M'ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IV.

REDDY, sitting on a high office stool, was busy at his new work, blissfully unconscious of all in store for him; whilst he snatched intervals now and then to dream of the brilliant future that would be his, when, after a few years of work, he could return triumphant to his father, and electrify all musical England. But in the midst of these dreams the sound of a well-known voice made him turn pale and pause in his work, while a sudden terror caused his heart to beat most violently.

He sat as if paralysed, mechanically gazing on the little pile of finished letters before him; then the door opened, Mr. Bourke entered, and Freddy realised that the worst had come.

As the lawyer advanced towards his son, one by one Freddy saw all his dreams fading to nothing, whilst the remembrance of the dreary routine of the old Dublin life came over his hopes and aspirations like a wet blanket. He felt his heart sink within him as he clenched his hand over the desk, and gazed down despairingly into his father's face.

"Well, sir!" said Mr. Bourke mockingly, "so this is the step you have taken, a high one surely; but just be kind enough to get down, and when I get you home I'll try and cure you of your low notions, by applying a little of Solomon's remedy to a portion of your corpus that won't like it."

"Oh, beat me, beat me," said Freddy, with dramatic pathos in his voice; "but, papa, why persecute me? I don't ask your money; I don't ask your help. I ask for nothing but common freedom; for, as you see, I can support myself, and I am determined to study music."

"And I, sir, am quite determined you shall not," replied Mr. Bourke decisively, as with sudden anger he laid his hands on the boy's coat collar, and lifted him forcibly from his high stool to the ground, whilst the clerks around looked on in astonishment, and tried to hide their laughter.

Freddy stood with his back to the wall, too frightened and bewildered to decide what he had best do.

"Papa," he cried beseechingly, "do allow me to remain here; think of your feelings were some one to disallow you your liberty, to thwart your dearest wishes, destroy your hopes."

"Freddy," said Mr. Bourke earnestly, as he laid his hand heavily, yet not unkindly, on the boy's shoulder, "believe me, I am acting for your good. Years hence, when I am in my grave, you will remember this day, and feel that you ought to go on your knees and thank Providence that I saved you from your own folly. Do you know what it is, boy, to be a vagabond artist, flying from town to town? Picture to yourself going on a platform, like a mountebank, and amusing a public that pay a few shillings, and for that have a right over you, whether you be willing or not. That, Freddy, is tyranny, and if you only had the chance of knowing it, the tyranny I exercise now would seem sweetest freedom in comparison."

"But," said Freddy; then he stopped, a choking sensation had come into his throat, and the

awful fear that tears would come prevented further utterance.

"No buts," cried Mr. Bourke sternly, with a majestic wave of his hand characteristic at the bar as one of his means of quelling opposition; buts are useless here; get your hat and coat and come along."

Unable to bear the strain on his feelings longer, nor the agony of his disappointment, Freddy at length gave way; he burst into tears.

Mr. Bourke looked on in disgust. "Ah, blubbering," he murmured scornfully. Then Freddy, crestfallen and miserable, hurried out of the office. It only took a few moments for him to get on his things, and only another few moments to take leave of his chief; then Mr. Bourke and his son were driven quickly away to the hotel.

On arriving at their rooms Freddy looked up inquiringly at his father, in order to test from the looks of the latter what would be the extent and duration of the promised flogging; but Mr. Bourke's features had a peculiar expression; there was even a twinkle of amusement in his keen grey eyes, and he smiled as he met his son's questioning glance, and understood it.

With careless indifference, Mr. Bourke lit his cigar and threw himself down on the sofa. Freddy standing meanwhile by the table in the centre of the room, not knowing exactly what he had best do—whether he should consider himself a prisoner, or venture on leaving for his own room. This latter he tried, but immediately Mr. Bourke cried out,—

"Freddy, where are you going, sir?"

"To my own room, papa."

"There's to be no more running off after situations, eh?"

Freddy said nothing.

"Do you hear me, sir?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, answer."

"No," came the reply in a faint, smothered voice.

"Well then, you can go. I shall let you off the flogging I promised you this time; but remember my words, if ever you go doing the like again, I will thrash you within an inch of your life."

Freddy stood upright and heard in silence, then he turned and said quietly,—

"Papa, you don't know how cruel you are to me. You make life one prolonged misery for me. I have one hope, one ambition, one desire— I always shall have it—to study music; yet this you deny me."

Mr. Bourke looked up at his son. "What can ail the boy?" he thought with annoyance; "what is it that gives him this fixed idea?" but he said nothing; he merely waved his hand in disgust, and Freddy left the room.

That day Freddy wandered about the hotel in a state of complete restlessness. Once he went to the drawing-room where a pianoforte stood, and sat down before it; but as his fingers touched the keys, the remembrance of all he had lost came back too vividly to him, and he had to stop at once. Then he sat down to write a note of explanation to Cavendish, but the confession to his friend of his disappointment was too bitter; and in this way the day dragged on.

Meanwhile Cavendish awaited and awaited his friend in feverish anxiety; and as night drew on he went down to Smith & Hodgson's, only, however, to find the offices closed for the night. Cavendish then began to suspect something was wrong, and hurried off to the hotel, where, after a careful questioning of the porter, he heard the news; then he sent up to Freddy begging him to come down to him, and for a

few moments, as the man went with the message, he waited in suspense, for he had a terror of meeting Mr. Bourke.

At length Freddy, pale and miserable, did come down, and the boys shook hands silently.

"Well, old boy," said Cavendish, with a forced attempt at gaiety, "don't take on so; there is really no good. Your dad is a pig, and a brute, and a tyrant, and that's all. While there is life there is hope."

"Yes," said Freddy dejectedly, "that's true, and one day I will succeed; but it is horrible all the same."

"It is, old fellow, and I am awfully sorry for you, and if ever I can do anything for you command me. I suppose you leave to-

"Yes, we leave to-morrow for Weimar, and there is one consolation in this. I shall see Liszt there, I hope; I couldn't stand life if it wasn't for that. Just think what it is to go back to beastly old Ireland, when I might stay here and study."

"Tell you what," said Cavendish oracularly, "speak to Liszt, old boy; he is no end of a fine old fellow, and if he heard you, well "-

Freddy's whole face underwent a change at nce. "Golly!" he said exultantly, with true schoolboy enthusiasm, "that is an idea."

At that moment Cavendish caught sight of Mr. Bourke coming down the grand staircase, and he wrung Freddy's with a vice-like grip of fervour.

"Good-night, good-bye," he cried quickly; then he hurried away, leaving Freddy a little astonished, till he felt his father's hand on his

"Up to your room, boy, and to your bed," said the lawyer sternly.

Freddy looked up into his father's face with flushed cheeks and a feverish brightness in his

"Yes, papa," he said obediently, as he turned and bounded up the steps, brushing the leaves of the palm-trees at the foot of the stairs ruthlessly, to the disgust of the proprietor, who was looking on.

Next evening Mr. Bourke and Freddy were in Weimar, and as they got into the hotel, Mr. Bourke related Freddy's misdemeanour to Mrs. Bourke, whilst Freddy himself looked on disgusted and furious.

But one hope buoyed him up-the thought of the morrow, when he would see Liszt; so that after the first burst was over, he bore his mother's scolding lightly, and never moved a muscle against her broadside of reproaches, for he was thinking of how and what he would say to Liszt.

Next morning he was up betimes, up long before all the others, and was off to the church Liszt was in the habit of attending.

At that early hour Weimar, amidst all its delicious surroundings, looked very lovely; the sun shone through one of those early summer morning hazes, and over the whole town there seemed to have settled with it a dreamy stillness. Now and then one heard the cry of some waggoner to his oxen, or the clear piping of a blackbird in the depths of some lime-tree. But otherwise the silence was unbroken, and from the pine woods, the meadows, and the gardens came one delicious perfume of pine, wild thyme, and roses.

Busy as Freddy was with his thoughts, and excited as were all his nerves, he could not fail to mark the loveliness around him, nor wonder at the charm the little town had for so many poets. Various lines, too, of Goethe came to his memory as he ran along. And it was with he couldn't know that Freddy had been brought something of a start he beheld Liszt in his up in one of those Irish Protestant homes where

long black gown quietly going towards the church door.

Freddy stood stock-still. That stately figure, stately although bent a little with years, could not be seen unmoved. Franz Liszt, thought Freddy, as he gazed in adoration on the great master's face, and noted the glint of the sunshine on his beautiful snow-white hair. Franz Liszt, the wonder magician of the pianoforte.

Poor Freddy's heart beat almost to suffocation. Now was his opportunity or never. Here was Liszt alone, his face beaming with benevolence and kindness. Freddy advanced a little, and something of the hesitancy in the boy's steps attracted Liszt's attention. He turned and looked at him.

Freddy never forgot that first glance of Liszt's at him; it remained indelibly fixed in his memory-it and the kindly smile that followed.

Liszt was somewhat of a thought reader; he saw one of his numerous adorers in the flushed and trembling boy before him, for Freddy had lost all mastery over his self-control. "What dost thou wish, my son?" said Liszt in French to him.

A mist of happy tears rushed to Freddy's eyes as he heard Liszt speak.

"Nothing, master," he replied.

Liszt laid his hand on Freddy's shoulder, and had he dared, Freddy would have kissed it where it lay.

"Well, there are not many like you; so many people want things from me, little Englishman," murmurred Liszt.

Then Freddy found his tongue.

"I came here to see you in church," he said quickly, "and I am not English, but Irish."

"Ah!" said Liszt, "then you are a Catholic?" "I?" said Freddy, with an intonation of horror he could not resist, although he was sorry the moment he had spoken. I am a Protestant."

"But I thought all Irish people were Catholics," said Liszt.

"Oh no, only the low people."

There was something of disdain in Liszt's expressive eyes, as he looked more searchingly at Freddy; but as they had reached the church there was no more time to say anything further, and Freddy went in after Liszt, feeling as if he were entering the halls of perdition.

The service was not a long one; few people were at it, just a few peasants, and a few American enthusiasts, worshippers not at the Mass, but of Liszt; and when it was over the little congregation went outside. Then somehow Freddy hardly understood how it was, he found himself going along with Liszt, and finally one by one the master's adorers left him, and Liszt and Freddy were again alone.

Liszt took up the conversation where they had left it. "And so, little Irishman," he commenced, "you are a Protestant. Now tell me what were your feelings just now in church?"

"I would rather not say," said Freddy truth-

"Oh, pooh!" said Liszt with fine scorn. "Why not? Do you believe you would hurt my feelings," and he smiled as he laid emphasis on the my. "On the contrary, it will amuse me to hear you."

"Well then," replied Freddy bravely, "I was wondering how a great man such as you could go through so much tomfoolery, and believe in so much nonsensical ceremony, as if the bowing of your body to the ground would please GOD or gain you salvation.

For a moment Liszt said nothing; he had hardly expected so much from the boy, for, of course, he couldn't know that Freddy had been brought

Roman Catholicism is held up to the eyes of all as the most terrible infamy on earth.
"So," said Liszt, smiling. "But I never have

expected that the bowing of my body to the ground would gain me salvation, and, of course, all this is much too grave a subject for you and me to discuss here. But, dear child, if ever you have the chance, study us further, and do not judge so hastily. The very fact of a great man—as you are pleased to call me—believing, is surely a proof that our belief, as you see it, must be something very different to the reality. But here we are at my house. Won't you come in, and have breakfast with me?"

"Oh, with pleasure," said Freddy eagerly, as he followed Liszt, beaming with delight.

Liszt's breakfast-table was laid for quite a number-all strangers to Freddy of course-and he sat gravely watching them all. Every one spoke French, and Liszt seemed to be the soul of the party. Jests were freely bandied, and some of the women present made Freddy stare at the things they said; for Freddy, of course, fresh from his Irish home, was hardly equal to the understanding of Continental ladies, aristocratic and charmingly well bred as they might be.

Now and then Liszt was kind enough to notice Freddy, and had wrung from him the acknowledgment that he played the piano, so that immediately after breakfast Liszt said authoritatively and quickly to him,-

"Come, little Irish boy, let us hear you play;" and followed by the others, Liszt and he went to the pianoforte.

Freddy never experienced anything in his life like the stage fright that took possession of him. Trembling in every limb, with strange lights dancing before his eyes, he found himself at the pianoforte, quite a circle around him, Liszt in the midst.

For one moment he gazed despairingly from one to the other. Outside he saw the sunlight bright over the park, then he heard Liszt say

"Will you not play some Bach? anything you know, except my rhapsodies; or," he added in an undertone that sent the party into instant laughter, "your own."

Freddy had just selected a fugue, and was about to commence, but this sound of the laughter of those about him made the iron enter his soul. "Oh, perhaps, perhaps," thought the wretched boy, "Liszt knows I compose;" then, without waiting a second to combat the folly of this thought, he dashed through the circle madly, to the intense surprise of Liszt and his guests, and in less time than it takes to tell, was flying from the house, hatless and breathless, not caring whither he went.

When he reached the hotel, it was past noon,

and Mr. Bourke met his son with severe displeasure on his face.

"Where have you been, sir?" he asked angrily.

To see Liszt, papa."

A meaning glance passed between Mr. Bourke

"Indeed, still full of your low ideas. Go and make yourself ready for dinner, and don't leave the hotel alone again. We leave this evening for Munich."

"But, Freddy, what have you been doing? Papa, just look at his flushed and dishevelled appearance, at his dusty boots," said Mrs Bourke, with annoyance in every intonation of her voice.

"Up to your room, boy, and clean yourself," cried Mr. Bourke, with an authoritative wave of his hand; and glad of the order, Freddy hurried away.

(To be continued.)

A Musical Island.

DO not for a moment suppose that it is always musical, any more than that it is perpetually flooded with brilliant sunshine, or that its market is full all the year round of the luscious purple grapes and glowing carnations which adorn it just now so plentifully. But in this ever-changing world we must speak of people and things as we find them, and all I wish to record is the impression left on my own mind during the fortnight I lately spent there. It is but a very little way from our own shores, only a few hours' voyage over a somewhat stormy sea, and its name is one that we have known from our childhood, though I do not intend to quote it here. The sun is just rising as we steam into the peaceful little harbour; to our left lies an old fortress at the end of the pier, which now connects it with the remainder of the island, and facing us stands the green hill on which the greater part of the town is built. Its tall foreign-looking houses rise, tier upon tier, like boxes at the opera, only rather less regular and more picturesque. We reach our hotel panting and exhausted, for we are used to a flat country, and, early as it is the thermometer is several degrees higher than it has been in England at any time during this cold ungenial summer. We are glad to find ourselves at last in the shady garden we remember so well in days gone by. Once more we enjoy the delightful view of warm grey rocks and smiling blue waters, with other islands, little and big, dotted about here and there, and a few white-sailed yachts cruising lazily about in the foreground. It all looks so calm and peaceful and attractive, nobody would imagine for a moment that this is a most dangerous coast. There are all sorts of hidden pitfalls, in the shape of invisible rocks and unsuspected currents, and besides this heavy fogs are apt to come on very suddenly and fill the unwary mariner with dread and confusion.

The worst of getting up so early is that the morning seems interminably long. After admiring the prospect for some time, we begin to feel bored and sleepy, and are glad to welcome our genial landlord when he comes across the grass to have a chat with us.

"I suppose you know," he remarks in the course of conversation, "that my wife is a first-rate pianist, and a harpist as well? Yes indeed, she was one of Oberthur's best pupils, and if she had not married would certainly have entered the profession. If you have a few minutes to spare I should like to show you her room," and he led the way forthwith to a charming little bower of blue and gold, furnished most daintily and in the most perfect taste. In one corner stood a Steinway grand, and near a window a Gothic harp, which in no way detracted from its artistic effect. "My wife seldom plays now, more's the pity," remarked Mr. —, evidently himself intensely fond of music. "I daresay most of the strings are gone by this time"— looking regretfully at the instrument in its gorgeously embroidered cover. "It is no easy matter to persuade her to play, I can assure you. But last week Mr. X."-and he mentioned a well-known violinist-" was here, and he happened to be an old friend of hers. One evening he played to us for two hours right on end, and you can fancy what a treat that was. He will be back again on Friday most likely, and, I hope, will give us another chance of hearing

It may be imagined that we looked out with

some impatience for X.'s re-appearance. Living on an island has its little drawbacks; there is always the fear lest some severe gale or inopportune fog should upset people's plans at the last moment. But this time we were not doomed to disappointment. X. returned on the day we expected him, and appeared that evening at the tâble-đhôte. It happened to be the first time we had seen him, so we looked at him with interest and curiosity, though I hope not with an aggressive stare. We saw a slight, tall, middle-aged man, with a high bald forehead, and a thoughtful, sympathetic face. His wife sat opposite to him, looking almost too young to have played his accompaniments for twenty years; yet she assured us afterwards that she had done so.

It was lucky that their journey had not been a long one, for they were not allowed much time to rest. A group of hungry, impatient music lovers assembled soon after dinner in -'s little room, and X. was too goodnatured to refuse them the treat to which they had been so eagerly looking forward.

I think he must have known by instinct how much we were enjoying his performance, for once he began, he went on playing with hardly any intermission, his wife as usual accompanying him on the piano. I cannot attempt to quote the programme correctly, I can only speak of it as a sort of delightful melodious dream. I remember distinctly Vieuxtemp's tender, wistful Reverie, and some elaborate variations by De Beriot on the slow movement of the Kreutzer Sonata. X. displayed wonderful technique and much pathos, and, like all great artists, he appeared to play with entire absence of effort. The violin itself was an object of great interest to us, for it was a Straduarius, once the property of Paganini.

There was some talk of a violin recital to be given in public, but Mrs. X. did not greatly encourage the idea.

'He is here for rest after the London season," said she, "and I think a holiday should be a holiday. I know people think that music comes so naturally as not to give him any trouble, but they forget that he has a reputation to keep up. There is always a certain amount of anxiety and worry, and on the whole I would much rather he did not attempt it." Eventually, however, these objections were overruled, and the concert fixed for an early date. The room-a large one-was filled to suffocation. To my mind a recital of any kind is apt to become a little wearisome; but in the present instance the performance seemed hardly long enough. X. looked pleased; he came forward again and again to bow his acknowledgments, wiping the perspiration from his honest countenance.

The programme was well-chosen, and included much of what we had already heard him play. The last item was the "Carnival de Venice" with variations; the simplicity of the accompaniment provoking a smile at last from Mrs. X. after she had repeated the same four bars an innumerable number of times

It gave us quite a shock when this talented couple appeared at breakfast the next morning in travelling costume. We were sorry indeed to say good-bye to them, and parted with many promises of meeting again in London. They were a real loss to us, but we were not left quite destitute. On fine evenings a German band plays on the lawn during dinner, almost drowned by the clatter of spoons and forks it is true, but gay and cheerful whenever it reached our ears. The conductor, cap in hand, invariably waits for us in the passage leading from the table-a hote room; he evidently understands human nature, and knows what is the best time to ask

a favour. Then, again, besides Mrs. -Steinway, there is a piano in the public drawingroom, and, when the German band has retired for the night, an impromptu concert takes place, with a large and generally appreciative audience. Amongst the many musical people staying in the hotel there is, fortunately, sufficient variety of style to prevent any clashing or odious comparison. We have, for instance, a clever pianist with Beethoven at her fingers' ends, and her friend who sings Hope Temple's songs is a rich soprano, which careful training has perfectly developed. Then there is a fair-haired young fellow, with a tremendous baritone, who modestly tells us that he is preparing for the "profession," and evidently loves music better than his soul. He has plenty of hard work before he can hope to enter the desired haven; it is lucky for him and all such aspirants that golden youth is a hopeful time, when nothing eems impossible. He knows too little as yet of instrumental music to be able to do more than play his exercises with one finger; but, during his stay in the hotel with us, my husband is able to supply this deficiency to his entire satisfaction, and he gratefully assures him that never in his life has he been so well accompanied.

On wet evenings the drawing-room was crowded to excess, and became so hot that music was carried on with considerable difficulty; indeed, some of our best performers were apt to "strike" now and then, and declare that it was impossible to sing in such an atmosphere. Perhaps, after all, our greatest enjoyment was to sit out under the verandah, when the weather allowed it, and watch the moon's rays touching the quiet sea with silver, while a young lady visitor, who was a great favourite with us all, brought out her guitar at our unanimous request.

Her voice was not very strong, but so fresh and clear and sweet that no one could listen to it without being touched and attracted. She sang very simple songs, and there was an old Scotch ballad for which we asked over and over again without ever getting tired of it-

"Last night there were four Maries, To-night there'll be but three There was Mary Seatoun and Mary Beatoun, And Mary Carmichael and me!

"Oh! little did my mither think When first she cradled me, That I should dee sae far from hame, And hang on a gallows tree!"

There were several more verses, all equally pathetic. I believe Mary Hamilton is supposed to be the heroine of this mournful little history. Miss Seymour would have made a good study for a painter as she sat there before us, in her white gown, her pretty expressive face raised a little as her hands wander over the strings. She seemed entirely devoid of awkwardness or nervousness, and this entire self-possession adds to the charm.

"I can do anything in the world," she ex-plains naïvely, "if only I know that people like me and enjoy my singing. But if they don't, I can feel it directly, and there is an end of everything. I have no longer a note of music in my composition. I call the guitar 'Sir Richard, and you can't think what funny mistakes people make about it. A very proper old lady was quite shocked to hear that I had come over from Ireland quite alone with him. She asked whether we were engaged, and my friend made matters rather worse by saying, 'No, not exactly engaged, but she is certainly very fond of him. For years they have gone about everywhere together, but I think it most unlikely that they will ever marry."

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J.W.E

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Supplement Given With Magazine of Music Christmas Number Dec. 1891.

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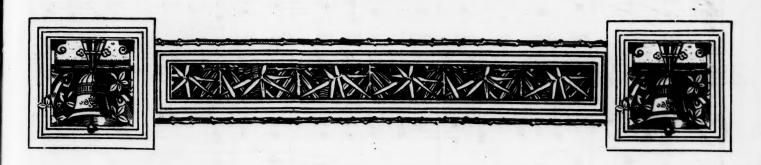










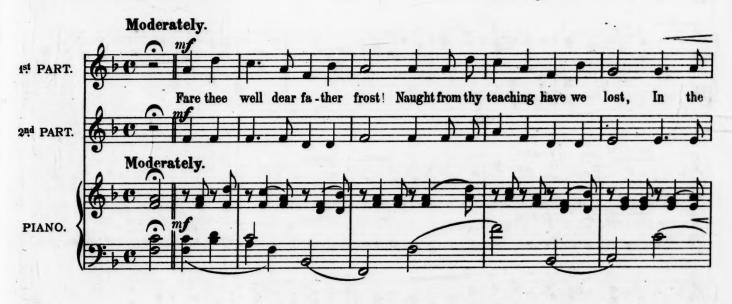


The Frost Elves Farewell to their Old King.*

ATwo-Part Song. (See "The Frost Elves.")

Words by Maud Pitman.

Music by Ferdinand Dunkley.





^{*)} This song can be sung without the second voice part.



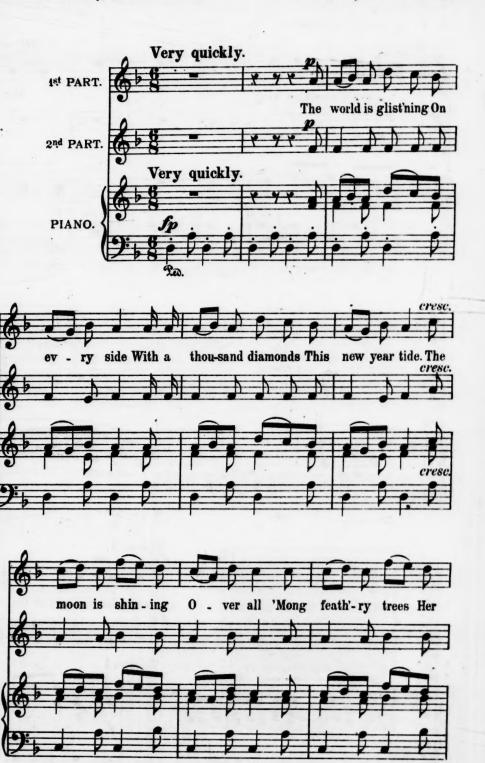


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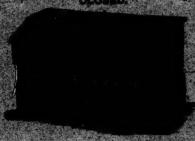
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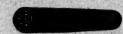
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